

THE  
**WIDE WORLD**  
MAGAZINE

APRIL 1913

No. 180. Vol. 30.

10 CENTS



See "OUT OF THE EAST" in this Number.

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**Ocean Treasure-Trove. | My Last Wolf-Hunt.**

---

A suffragette is Mrs. Brown  
Who's cleaning up in Spotless Town.  
When she discovers wrongs to write,  
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# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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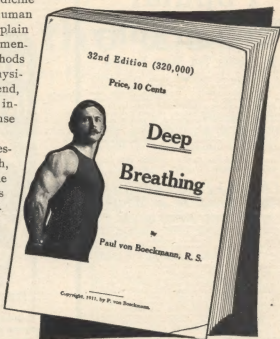
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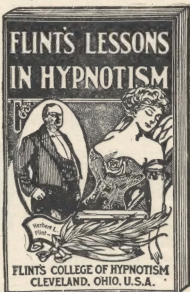
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"HE SHOUTED SOMETHING THAT ALL THE CREWS OF THE JUNKS CLOSE BY COULD HEAR,  
AND JUMPED OVERBOARD."

SEE PAGE 522.

# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. XXX

APRIL, 1913

No. 180.

## Out of the East.

TOLD BY WILLIAM C. MARTIN, AND SET DOWN BY LESLIE G. SHANNON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. S. STOTT.

A weird and terrible story of the China Sea. "It was told to me in San Francisco," writes Mr. Shannon, "and my friend Martin vouches for it as being absolutely true. I myself saw the Chinaman referred to, and heard the conversation between him and 'Stump,' as set forth in the narrative."



HE sat on a sea-chest in Emil's waterfront store in San Francisco, immovable, stolid, waiting for his captain to come in. He was small, even for a Chinaman—a bony, dried-up little man in European clothes, drooping, alien, and undisturbed by the clamour of the street outside and the constant passing of sailors.

I saw him as soon as I came through the door, and it seemed like a glimpse of the strange, impassive land that I used to know—the land that has remained unchanged for centuries. He stared straight ahead with glazed, unwavering eyes. No one noticed him, and he paid no attention to the conversation, though I instinctively knew that he understood English. An air of age and mystery hung about him; I felt that he knew infinitely more than all of us put together. Nothing escaped him, and yet he made no sign.

Then "Stump" Martin came in and stopped in front of him.

"Ting Lu!" he said, in a strange voice. "Where in Heaven's name did you come from?"

The Chinaman looked up without moving a muscle except his eyes. "No Ting Lu," he said.

"Me Hop Lung."

"Hop Lung?" echoed Stump, regarding him thoughtfully. "What ship you go in?"

"Me go Cap'n Johnson, ship *Gre-e-n-castle*."

Vol. xxx.—88.

He spoke in that sing-song dialect impossible to indicate in words.

Stump looked hard at him, and seemed to be figuring something over in his mind. They were an odd pair, facing each other in that dim room. I found myself wondering what was in the mind.

Finally Stump turned away. "All right," he said.

The Chinaman sat with oblivious indifference until Captain Johnson came in on his way to the ship. After some talk among the captains they went out again, the Chinaman keeping a respectful distance in the rear.

Some days later I stood among the wharves with Martin, and watched the *Green-castle* tow down the stream. She was loaded with case-oil and bound out for Hong-Kong.

"I reckon he'll never come to the States again," said Stump, his eyes on the passing ship.

"Who?" I said.

"Ting Lu."

"What, that Chinese steward? I thought he said his name was something else."

"He did—but it isn't," said Martin. "He's Ting Lu right enough. I couldn't forget that face. I had good occasion to remember it one voyage."

We had taken a turn or two along the bulk-head before he spoke again.

"A wonderful race!" he snapped out. "Wonderful! Very few white men know anything about them at all. If we had half their brains and a quarter of their nerve the world wouldn't be big enough to hold us. That man, now—did you notice him that day in Emil's? You'd never think he was about as frightened as a man could be, would you? You'd never think, to see him looking at me, that I was the one man in the world he'd been frightened of meeting for years?"

"No, sir! He never turned a hair; just looked at me—and lied. Heaven knows what was going on inside his head. You can *never* find out what they are thinking about—only just what they want to tell you. That little Chinaman was doing some of the tallest thinking that ever happened, and he took one of the longest chances that I have ever seen tackled. He was hanging by a hair, I tell you, and he sat there and never quivered an eyelid!"

Martin stopped and cast another glance at the fast-retreating ship.

"Ting Lu!" he said again. "I've often wondered where he was, and what happened to him. He went out in such a blaze of glory that I shall never forget him. He was one of the few mysteries a man meets in a lifetime. And besides, I can never forget what he did aboard that ship. It wasn't his fault exactly, but it was a horrible thing—horrible! And yet I could never find it in my heart to blame him altogether. Old man Peters was more than half responsible, and that devilish opium did the rest. It finished me out East for a while. I struck for home the first chance I got, and nothing and nobody would make me ship with a Chinese steward again."

And then, at my request, he told me the story of it all, which I have here set down.

I was on the beach at Singapore at that time, when the little barque *Marietta* came in. She traded up and down the China Sea; I'd seen her half-a-dozen times in different ports. Old man Peters owned her himself, and made a pile of money out of her in his day. His mate was sick, and I happened to meet him the morning he put the man ashore.

"Halloa, Martin!" says he. "What are you doing nowadays?"

"Watching the ships come in, sir," says I. "Do you need a man?"

"Yes," says he. "I want a mate—badly. Can you come aboard at once?"

I wanted to ship for home, but there weren't many chances from Singapore just then.

"Where are you bound?" I asked.

"Shanghai, with bark and iron-wood," says

he, puffing like a whale. "Lord, but it's hot!" he said, and mopped his face with a towel that he always used to carry on his arm.

Cap'n Peters was a big, heavy bulk of a man, full of blood and wisdom. He thought it was all wisdom. He had ideas about everything—settled ideas that you couldn't have started with a yoke of oxen. I never saw him ashore but he was holding forth about something, mopping his face every minute with that towel. Going along the street he seemed to block up the road, and when you got him inside he filled the room. Wherever he was, he was the most important thing in sight. A most overbearing man! Even with the captains ashore he crowded everybody out, and that deep voice of his would rumble on by the hour—interesting in a way, but mighty monotonous. And aboard the ship, in that little cubby-hole of a forward cabin, sometimes you'd think the end of it would blow off when he got to shouting and arguing with himself.

I found that I came to go with him, knowing him as I did by reputation; but a young fellow doesn't bother much about that sort of thing. He took me right off in his sampan that morning, and I turned to at noon.

The first time I set eyes on Ting Lu was at the dinner-table. He looked as old and shrivelled up then as he did sitting on that chest the other afternoon.

But there was something about Ting Lu different from any other Chinese steward I ever ran up against. I can't explain it exactly, but I got an idea he didn't belong to the pantry. They're all reserved, and they've all got better manners than white men; but he was a little better than the best. I watched him that day at dinner, trying to make out what it was that impressed me. But I couldn't place it—they're all a puzzle. "He isn't a steward," said I to myself. "What on earth is he?" That was it—what *was* he? When he wasn't moving, he'd stand like a statue, looking away off somewhere. I saw a Chinese priest in Canton once look just the same, with rows and rows of worshippers thumping their heads on the ground in front of him. It seemed as if there were two men, one of them doing steward's work like a machine, and the other—the real one—something quite different.

Old man Peters talked all through dinner; a new man was fish for his net. He wanted so-and-so done, and he wanted it done in such-and-such a way. He believed this, and that, and the other, and he trotted out a mass of facts a yard long to support his theories. He was a powerful man, full of confidence. When he made a motion with his hands, it was like



rubbing out other people's marks on a black-board.

By and by the steward went for'ard for the dessert.

"Fine steward you've got there, sir," said I. "Rather remarkable for a Chinaman, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's a good servant," says the cap'n. "When I break him of smoking opium he'll be excellent!"

"Well, a lot of them smoke it, sir," I told him. "I can't see that it makes much difference."

"I don't like it!" he said, waving his hands. "I can't stand it, and I won't have it! There isn't any sense in it! The idea of a man being a slave to such a drug! I'll stop it short when we get to sea."

I was surprised to hear Mrs. Peters, the captain's wife, speak up at that. "Tom," she said, "I wish you'd leave him alone. I don't like to have you interfering with such things!"

"That's all foolishness!" he told her. "Just like a woman's way of looking at things. He won't do anything, you see. When I say quit, he'll quit. I tell you, it's going to be stopped short off. I won't have a steward of mine dead to the world for two hours every afternoon."

Mrs. Peters didn't answer; she had found it wasn't much use. She was a little, trembling woman, and I never had much to do with her except at table; and then she didn't do any talking—the old man had knocked that out of her long ago. She seemed to keep on living simply from a sense of duty; and goodness knows, there wasn't much else left for her to live for. I never heard any of their family history, but the captain told me once that they had lost their only child at sea. Year after year she'd been with him and listened to him—gone ashore now and then in port, as she used to that time in Singapore—and called it a life, I suppose. She looked tired to death. The only time I ever saw her brighten up was once just before she sailed, when they got a bunch of letters from home. She and the captain talked about the home news all that noon at the dinner-table, and I could see at a flash what sort of woman she might have been—a home-body, thinking all the time of home.

I recollect that first afternoon aboard the *Marietta* as if it was yesterday. One of those bright, glittering days, with a strong sea breeze blowing across the harbour and kicking up a muddy sea. I leaned over the rail and watched the shore. I wonder what Singapore is like now? I haven't been there for fifteen years.

A big, shaggy dog that Cap'n Peters kept aboard the ship came and put his nose over the rail beside me. I like a dog, and this one was

most good-natured—never got in the road and never made any trouble. I thought a lot of him after I'd been aboard awhile. At night he'd come nosing around and want to be petted. A fellow gets attached to a dumb animal like that, and I wouldn't have seen him ill-used for worlds.

About three o'clock that afternoon, as I was passing the galley, I caught a whiff of opium smoke. I dodged in, and there lay Ting Lu on the floor of the cook's room, with his head on a lump of wood, smoking his opium. He handled it as he did everything else—in a dignified sort of way. It seemed to be just a part of his life, like eating. It fascinated me to watch the slow motions that he went through, and hear that little pipe sputter. Somehow, seeing him lie there in that position, the room dim with sickly smoke, took you right into China at one jump.

He smoked regularly at half-past two every afternoon, I found out. Then he would sleep till four, and get up and go to work, humming one of his outlandish tunes. How long he'd done it I don't know, but I can understand what it meant to him.

Well, we sailed in about a month, pretty deep with the iron-wood and overrun with scorpions from the rolls of bark. It was another bright, windy afternoon when we got under way. Going out we ran close by a barque at anchor, right across her stern. Mrs. Peters was on deck, waving to the other ship as we went by, and a woman aboard waved back—they were folks from the same place at home. I can see them waving now—Mrs. Peters with a little shawl round her head, and the big dog beside her barking for all he was worth. It was an old story to her, saying good-bye to port—she'd done it all her life. No one will ever know what she went through, or what a brave woman she was.

That evening the cap'n and I had our first row about the steward.

"Mr. Martin," says he, coming forward to where I was sitting on the booby-hatch, "I want you to go and get all the opium the steward's got and bring it to me."

"He probably keeps it in his room here, sir," I told him. "I'd rather you'd speak to him about it yourself when he comes aft."

"Why, what d'you mean?" asks Peters.

"I don't like to take it away from him, cap'n, that's all," says I. "If you think it ought to be done I should like you to do it yourself."

"Are you frightened of a Chinaman?" he stormed. "D'you mean to tell me that you don't dare to ask him for that opium?"

No, I'm not frightened of him," I said; "and yet, in a way, I am. I don't think any good will come of it. I've seen them smoke this

"I guess I know as much about Chinamen as you do," said he. "I've been sailing on this coast for close on ten years now. It's just a



"Ting Lu lay on the floor of the cook's room, with his head on a lump of wood, smoking his opium."

way before, and it doesn't do any harm. You never know what may happen if you take it away. I understand them pretty well, and I advise you not to do it."

foolish notion they've got into their heads, this opium habit. I'll show you how little foundation there is in it."

"Maybe," said I; "but my experience is

that you can sail the coast of China for fifty years and never know any more about a Chinaman. What he does he'll keep on doing, and what he wants he'll get. And he's so much smarter than us that most of the time he gets what he wants and makes us think he doesn't."

"Rubbish!" snapped Cap'n Peters. "They're just like any other men. What put that idea into your head? Ting Lu won't fool me, not if I know myself. I'll search his dunnage, and then if he hides any of the stuff we'll catch him smoking it. It's going to be stopped, or I'll know the reason why!"

"You have to have your little nip before breakfast every morning, sir," said I.

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" he shouted, getting mad. "You don't compare a drink of whisky to a pipe of opium, do you?"

"I don't see much difference," says I.

"You are a fool," he told me.

"Fool I may be, sir," I answered; "but fools are the ones who have still got something to learn. Thank goodness, I don't know it all."

Just then the steward came aft, and the old man followed him below. I heard some loud talk in the forward cabin, but couldn't make out what was said. The row was still going on when Mrs. Peters came round the corner of the after-house. She was frightened, and ran to me.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The captain's taking away the steward's opium," I told her.

"I wish he wouldn't," she said, half crying. "I'm afraid something might happen."

"Oh, it's all right," I said. "He won't make any trouble."

"You can't trust them," she replied, and went away aft, crying. She had more sense in her little finger than the cap'n had in his whole big lump of a body.

About half an hour after that the steward came up behind me without making a sound. I jumped round like lightning when he spoke and saw his face close to mine.

"Wha' for cap'n he take opium?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"No smoke," says I. "Cap'n no waunchee."

With that he got off a long string of Chinese at me, like two dogs fighting.

"Go below," said I. "Go sleep. Morning come, you feel better."

He went off, but it set me thinking. What's the use of doing things like that? I thought. It's men like Cap'n Peters who make half the trouble in the world, and then lay it off on to somebody else. It's a good thing to be self-centred, but when you get to think you're the only man on earth it's carrying it too far.

For a week things went on about the same, and I didn't notice much wrong. Every day at table Ting Lu was just as soft and easy as ever. When the cap'n spoke to him, he was always ready. I've seldom seen Chinamen cheeky when they're not on good terms with anyone, by the way; they are brought up differently.

I suppose Ting Lu was suffering torture that week, but it never dawned on me till one night, in the morning watch, I caught him prowling around decks. He tried to get out of sight, but I ran forward and grabbed him.

"Here, what for you no stay below?" I asked him.

"Me no sleep seven night!" he said, and stuck his hands up in front of my face with the fingers spread out.

"You go below. I see cap'n to-morrow," I told him, and he went off with his teeth chattering.

I couldn't believe it, but in an hour or so, when the cook got up, I went along to the galley and asked him about it. The cook was a fat Canton Chinaman, and never smoked. It was the truth; Ting Lu hadn't had a wink of sleep that week. I couldn't get much out of the cook, however. "Steward he no sleep," was all he'd say. But just as I was leaving the galley door he broke out at me. "Some day cap'n he catchee h——" he said.

"What d'you mean?" I asked. "Don't you let that steward get cutting up any funny business."

"No sávee," he answered, and I don't know whether he meant me or him. Then he pointed up over his head with a big carving-knife that he had in his hand. "Him god," he said, and finished up with a long string of Chinese. I couldn't make out what he was driving at, but I see now, because I've got a notion of what the steward must have been.

Next morning, when the cap'n came on deck, I went aft. "Cap'n," said I, "I don't like this thing at all. I found the steward on deck last night, and he hasn't slept this week."

"What of it?" he replied. "He'll sleep right enough when he gets tired of this game. It's probably a big bluff, anyway."

"Too much like a white man's bluff," said I. "Chinese don't bluff that way. If I were you I'd give him a little opium."

"Well, you're *not* me," he told me, crossly. "You leave him alone, and don't you go siding in with him. I want to teach him a lesson he'll remember."

"A man can't go on like that, losing sleep, sir," I said.

"Leave him alone—you hear me?" he stormed. "He hasn't been losing enough

sleep to lay him up. I haven't noticed anything."

"You can't," said I; "he won't let you. But some day he'll go and jump overboard, or put poison in the food, or cut up some monkey-shine."

"Anyone would think, to hear you talk," shouted Peters, "that you were some old woman like my wife. I tell you, things like that don't happen nowadays; we're not a gang of savages. I don't want to hear another word about this. I'm tired and sick of the whole business."

"Well, sir," said I, "this is the last word then. It's your pidgin, an' I'll keep out of it; but I think you're wrong from start to finish."

That night was fine, with a big moon. It was just at the change of the monsoon, and about three bells we got a puff of wind from the south'ard. We were making up towards the coast of Luzon then, after a splendid run from Singapore. I braced the yards, went aft and had a look at the compass, and then sat down on the weather-bitts. It was a seven or eight knot breeze that struck us, and she was slipping along at a great rate. I sat there singing to myself, and pondering about all sorts of things. Finally I got to thinking about the steward, and wondering if, after all, I wasn't too anxious about a trifle. I had told the men to watch for him if he came on deck in the night, but it seemed hardly reasonable that he would do anything amiss.

I was singing away, when suddenly the man at the wheel yelled at me.

"Look out behind you!" he shouted.

I jumped ahead against the rail, and just as I did so something went "punk" into the bitts behind me. When I turned around the steward was standing there with his arms stuck up in the air, and in front of him, buried in the bitts, was the little hatchet that they used in the galley to chop kindling-wood. He must have aimed an awful blow at me, for the thing had gone clean through the copper top of the bitts like paper, and stuck in the wood a couple of inches.

The man at the wheel let out another yell, and had him down before I could move. Then the watch came running aft, and we tied him up and put him down in the lazarette. It all happened in a few minutes, but I did a pile of thinking in those few moments.

When I came to loosen the hatchet from the bitts I found it was all covered with blood. That sent me below on a dead run. The light was burning in the after-cabin, and I stopped for a second. "Cap'n!" "Cap'n!" I called; but I knew without waiting that there would be no

answer. Then I took the lamp down from the bracket and went into the skipper's room.

No one but a Chinaman could have done what Ting Lu had done. He must have found them both asleep, and killed them quickly and without making any noise. There they lay in the bunk, dead—and *all chopped up in little pieces!* I never want to see a sight like that again. I came out and closed the door.

I couldn't seem to get my bearings after that, and instead of going up aft I went out into the forward cabin with the lamp still in my hand. There I fell over the dead body of the poor dog. He had been killed in the same way, and hacked out of all shape. Somehow, that took the starch out of me. I put the lamp down on the table and fell on to the settee. I hadn't lost my grip at the sight of what was in the captain's room, but the dog knocked all the wind out of my sails—it wasn't human to do a thing like that.

That night was like a nightmare to me. Think of it! We had to clean that cabin up, though we couldn't get many of the men to go down—and I didn't blame them. All hands were on deck all night. Along towards morning I went up aft and tried to get away from it for a while to think. The steward was in irons down in the lazarette, raving crazy. I sent for the cook, and he came aft, frightened to death and chattering like a monkey. I knew he might be in it, or he might not; but it didn't matter much either way. The second mate was for locking him up or pitching him overboard, but I wasn't afraid of anything more happening. Nothing more *could* happen.

Of course, the cook knew nothing about the tragedy. All I could get out of him was the same old story—"Cap'n he take opium; Ting Lu he no can do." I sent him off for'ard, and went down to hunt for that opium. It was in the upper drawer of the medicine-chest, all rolled up in Chinese paper, just as the steward had handed it over. I went out, found his pipe, and took the whole outfit down to the lazarette. Ting Lu lay on his back, working his lips across his teeth, and every now and then he'd let out a yell like a wild animal. I took out my revolver, unlocked the irons, and put the opium things in his hands.

"Smoke!" said I. "I guess you've earned it!"

That morning I changed the course for Hong-Kong; I couldn't bring myself to go any farther up the sea. It took us another week to get across, with light, baffling winds—a hundred miles or so a day.

Every afternoon I went through the same performance in the lazarette, and after every smoke I could see him coming back to reason.

The last two or three days I tried to talk to him. I told him what he had done, and he seemed to know all about it. But I ran up against a snag when I asked him why. "Cap'n he take opium," he kept on repeating. Sitting there watching him, and thinking it over, I decided that he

I saw what a big thing his honour was—bigger than mine was to me—though he wasn't talking about it from morning till night. And so he just planned the thing deliberately, as the only way out of a bad situation. "Cap'n take opium; me no sleep." It hardly sounds enough excuse



"The steward was standing there with his arms stuck up in the air."

wasn't crazy when he started in. The crime was deliberate. His honour had been touched in some mysterious way, and he was simply trying to get his "face" back again. I felt the point of it myself; he *made* me feel it, just by the way he kept his dignity, although lying there in irons.

for slicing two people up, does it? But until you learn who he was and what he was, and until you understand what "face" is—in fact, unless you're a Chinaman yourself—you will never know how a man could do such a thing in cold blood.

One night, when we got close up outside Hong-Kong, it fell flat calm. The ship slatted



her canvas all night in a regular typhoon swell, and in the morning things looked pretty dark and nasty. I knew if we could get a little wind we could soon slip in, but it wasn't *that* I was worrying about. We were right in amongst the fishing fleet, and I didn't want to be becalmed there too long. I learned afterwards that we were sighted from the Peak just after dawn, but that didn't help me at the time.

If you've never seen the fishing fleet off Hong-Kong, you can't realize what a strange sight it is—thousands of little junks, dodging up and down when there's any wind, and paddling around in calms.

I have been caught among them in that way two or three times, and somehow it always gives me the creeps; there are so many of them all around you. Those were the days, too, when the Chinese weren't as peaceable as they are now. There were plenty of pirates in the China Sea then, and to be surrounded by those wretched junks and feel shut in and helpless wasn't a pleasant sensation.

That morning there must have been a dozen of them close aboard, and we could hear their everlasting chattering and pow-wow going on across the water. I watched them through the glass, and imagined that they were planning something. I suppose they were trying to get up courage to come alongside, but that didn't enter my head then. They sounded threatening—there's always something terrifying about a big mob of them—and the experience I had just been through wasn't exactly quieting to the nerves.

Presently I saw one of these junks making for us, and I got really anxious. I'd never heard of their attacking a ship so close to Hong-Kong, but I was ready for anything. As it turned out, I guessed they just wanted to sell fish, and it might have been all right but for Ting Lu down in the lazarette. Anyhow, as soon as I saw the junk rowing towards us—a big fellow she was, too—I armed the men. Luckily, we had a lot of firearms aboard; it wasn't safe to go without them in those seas.

When she got alongside I leaned over the rail.

"What do you want?" says I.

They jabbered back at me, waving fish in their hands. There must have been a dozen men in her, and none of them understood English. They threw a line aboard, but I fired it back on their deck. Then they made fast to the lower mizzen-channels. I pointed guns at them and shouted, but they paid no attention.

The minute the craft was fast two or three of them swarmed aboard. I tried to stop them, but, short of shooting them down, there didn't seem to be any way of doing it; they were

determined to sell their fish. They passed a couple of baskets aboard and brought them along to me, talking the most outlandish lingo meanwhile, as if I understood every word.

"Shut up your noise!" I shouted, and went below to get some money. "I'll give them half a dollar," I thought, "if that's what they want, and get them over the rail and out of the ship." I couldn't bear to have them around, but I was getting over my scare.

Just then I heard a rumpus on deck.

"Come up, sir, quick!" the man at the wheel sang out.

I jumped up the companion-way just in time to see the lazarette hatch fly off, and Ting Lu standing there with his head just showing. He yelled something in Chinese, and all the fishermen fell flat on their faces on the deck. I remembered that I had forgotten to lash the hatch down when I last came out of the lazarette.

What it was the steward said to them I can't imagine. The sight of his face above the hatch-combing gave me a shock. It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to him for the fishermen to fall down. He was expecting it—was used to it. I stood like a fool, with my mouth open, watching for just a second. Ting Lu had fetched them with a word—some religious thing, it must have been. But you can't imagine how dumbfounding it was.

Then he yelled again, and two of them jumped towards the hatch. I shouted also, and jumped; but the first thing I did was to tumble over one of the fishermen just getting up on his feet. The man at the wheel was down, too, with a couple of them on top of him.

"Shall we shoot, sir?" sings out a man from the top of the house.

I was trying to throw off my man, and I couldn't see.

"Wait!" I yelled. "You're liable to shoot the wrong man. Keep them back from the junk!"

Then I felt the man above me pull himself away. I jumped to my feet, and saw them all making for the side. It was too late to interfere.

"Let them go!" I sang out to the men.

It all happened before I got fairly on my feet. Ting Lu was standing on the rail aft, trying to jerk the irons loose. He stood there just for a second. Then he gave it up, shouted something that all the crews of the junks close by could hear, and jumped overboard.

The rest of them were after him in the same second, leaving the two baskets of fish on deck. Running to the rail, I found that they had cut the junk adrift and were pushing off, howling and jabbering like mad. Astern of us the fellows in the water were swimming with Ting

LU. I had a mind to take a shot at them, but then I asked myself, "What's the use?" They would get away; it might make trouble, and,

could see, there was a terrible commotion going on on deck. Each junk they passed they waved their hands to, and seemed to tell some news.



"The fishermen fell flat on their faces on the deck."

goodness knows, we'd had enough trouble for one voyage. There were a thousand Chinamen within a mile of us, who would all have made common cause with Ting Lu and his friends.

I watched the fishermen swim Ting Lu alongside and haul him aboard, with his arms still in irons behind his back. Then they turned the junk round and made their long sweeps fairly buckle, rowing towards the land. As far as I

But no one came near us all day, and we got safely in at night.

And that was the man I found sitting on the chest in Emil's. Who he was, and where he'd been since I saw him going over the rail of that fishing-junk, and why he was back here in a ship's pantry, I can't make head or tail of. And yet there are people who'll tell you they understand the Chinese!



# IN QUEST OF THE PIGMY HIPPO.

BY MAJOR HANS SCHOMBURGK,  
F.R.G.S.

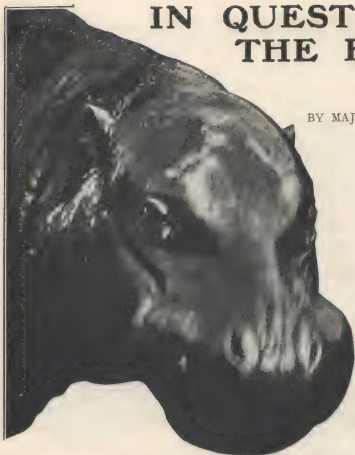
In the following narrative Major Schomburgk, the well-known German big-game hunter, gives an interesting account of his adventures in search of the pigmy hippopotamus—probably the rarest creature in captivity to-day. Until he penetrated into the dense Liberian forests and swamps, and brought back to civilization living specimens of these strange creatures, they had never been shot, or even seen, by white hunters.

quest is for a creature that no white man has hitherto shot, or even seen alive.

"You were the first to bring home a living specimen of the East African elephant," said Mr. Hagenbeck, "and now I want you to go to West Africa and help me to preserve a dying species of the Africa fauna."

That decided me, and I said I would go, though cognizant of the difficulties of the task I had undertaken. I knew the Zoological Gardens had long desired to possess a specimen of this wonderful creature, but hitherto only an occasional skull and skin had come to light. So far back as 1844 Dr. Morton, a British colonial surgeon, obtained a skull of the pigmy hippopotamus. Professor Buttikofer, perhaps the greatest authority on Liberia, tried for years to obtain a specimen, but had to be content with the skins and skulls of a few animals shot by native hunters. Since then many expeditions have been organized in search of the dwarf hippo, but hitherto without success.

Six weeks after my conversation with Mr. Hagenbeck I landed in Monrovia. Here I was greeted on all sides by the confident assurance that the pigmy hippopotamus did not exist—only his big cousin, the ordinary hippo. I had



*From a*

*A typical head of a pigmy hippo.*

*[Photograph.]*

**P**ROBABLY no animal has caused so much attention and discussion among zoologists and naturalists in recent times as the pigmy hippopotamus which I succeeded in bringing home from the hinterland of Liberia. This was but natural, perhaps, for until the five specimens which I managed to trap arrived in Europe this creature had probably never been seen alive by a white man. Consequently the animal, zoologically at least, was regarded as extremely rare and valuable. It was Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the well-known animal dealer, who fitted out my expedition to Liberia to bring home this curious beast. I must confess that when he sent for me and asked if I would undertake the commission I hesitated, for twelve years' experience in trapping and hunting in all parts of the Dark Continent had taught me that such enterprises entail many hardships, especially when the

seen in Professor Buttkhofer's book that one of his pigmy skins had been obtained by the natives in the neighbourhood of the Duquea River, and accordingly I decided to give this locality a trial. Unfortunately I arrived at the beginning of the rainy season, and experienced some difficulty in getting carriers. At last, however, I managed to get together a dozen men who, on the promise of high wages, agreed to follow me into the bush. In this lot I must have found the sweepings of the streets of Monrovia. How they humbugged me! For the first few days I was powerless to do anything, for I knew they would desert me on the slightest pretext, and I therefore bided my time.

In Sheffelen Ville I was fortunate enough in meeting Mr. Lett, an American mulatto, who had been a hunter in the Buttkhofer expedition. He informed me that the pigmy hippopotamus existed on the upper part of the Duquea River, whilst his big cousin was only found in the rivers near the coast. I accordingly hired six canoes to take me to Jeh Town, six days' journey up the Duquea River. The rain was continuous. In pouring rain we started every morning, and we pulled all day long in a heavy downpour, against the currents of the swollen river. On the second day out I thought that the time had come to teach my carriers a lesson, for they had been very insolent, and had often openly defied my orders. When I called the boys in the morning to start nobody came, so I sent for the headman and asked him very quietly if the boys were packing up. "No," he said, "they do not

want to start yet," and walked away. Without saying another word I took up my Browning pistol and emptied seven shots through the roof of the boys' hut. They came out on the run. From that moment I took the reins in my own hands, and after I had picked out the biggest and laziest of the motley crowd and given him a good hiding, I had no further trouble with the carriers.

After a month's hard hunting I at last had the luck to see a pigmy hippopotamus. I was drifting down the river in the canoe one day, late in the afternoon, when I saw the animal trying to climb up the steep bank of the river. Before it had noticed us we were within ten yards of the creature. I stood with my gun ready to shoot, but with a great effort curbed my hunting passion, for Mr. Hagenbeck's last

words had been, "Now, remember, we must have the animal alive." Not five yards from the canoe the little brute dropped back into the water.

Shortly after this incident I returned to the coast and fitted out anew, determined this time to penetrate into the Golah country. For two months I hunted here without any success. In the rains it was practically impossible to find any tracks, though I located some thirty promising places in which to dig pits. I intended at first to try netting the animals, but the uncertainty of their movements in the thick undergrowth

of the Liberian forests made net-hunting impracticable. One day a hippo did actually fall into one of our pits, but thirty-six hours' continuous heavy rain enabled it to escape. In the end I was forced to beat a retreat back to the coast,



Major Hans Schomburgk and his wife, who accompanied him on one of his searches for the hippos.

*From a Photo. by Humphrey Taylors, Ltd.*

for the whole country was under water, the native tracks being only recognizable by the fierce torrents that rushed down them.

The net result of this expedition was that I had obtained evidence that the animal existed, though certainly not in large numbers. I ascertained, furthermore, that the only time one could hope to secure them was during the short dry season, from January to May. In the following December I again started for Liberia, as Mr. Hagenbeck was determined to secure specimens of the animal, despite the fact that the first expedition had been a failure.

The country near the upper Lofa River was my goal this time. Here, in the practically unknown Gorze Section, inhabited by the powerful and warlike Golah tribe, near the big Sue Bush, where there is no human habitation for

Only a threatening murmur was the result. Without more ado I slipped my revolver into my pocket and, picking up my hunting crop, dashed in among the men. Crack went the whip on their naked bodies, while I delivered straight hits from the shoulder upon the jaws of those who showed fight or hesitancy. This onslaught had a miraculous effect. Almost quicker than I can tell it, the men seized their loads and started off like a flock of frightened sheep.

The same day I reached Taquema, a fortified town of the paramount chief of the Golah, Tawe-Dadwe. I had reckoned to obtain assistance from this powerful native king, but he could do nothing, as the war pressed him too hard, and he expected an attack from the Pesse daily. Against my usual custom I had

hundreds of miles, I thought that I could reckon upon success.

But again I encountered unforeseen obstacles. The Pesse tribe had declared war, and was fighting the Government and its allies, with the result that the country generally was in a very unsettled state. Yangaia, a big fortified Golah town, I reached without difficulty, but here I experienced trouble with my fifty carriers, who one and all refused to go a step farther. They came down to my tent in the morning and said, "Massa, there is war ahead. The country is unsettled, and to-morrow we hold council. We go no farther." This was all I could get out of them. I knew it would not do to show the slightest signs of weakness by granting any sort of concession, and as the success of the expedition was in the balance, I ordered the men to take up their loads and march.



One of the pigmy hippos captured by the Author—in size it is no larger than a well-grown pig.  
*From a Photo. by Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.*

to submit to the entreaties of the chief and pitch my tent in the middle of the town. During my stay at Taquema the scouts of the enemy approached the town, but hearing that a white man with a big caravan and guns had arrived they thought discretion the better part of valour and retreated.

The Lofa River, one of the biggest streams in Liberia, flows within an hour of Taquema. For two months I hunted along the small tributaries of this river, but in spite of all my efforts did not even manage to shoot one of these shy and secretive animals, let alone capture one alive. The great difficulty in hunting the Liberian





One of the captured hippos in the trap pit.

*From a Photograph.*

hippopotamus is that, unlike his big cousin, he does not frequent the rivers. He lives deep in the inhospitable forest, and in the dense vegetation on the banks of the small streams. But not content with the protection the forest affords them, the hippos enlarge the hollows which the water has washed out under the banks, and in these tunnels, where they are invisible from the banks, they sleep during the heat of the day. They only go about singly or in pairs, and virtually leave no track. The animal is exceptionally quiet and secretive in its movements.

Day after day I patrolled the streams, plunged in water up to my hips, and frequently to my shoulders. Then, just as I was despairing, my luck turned, and the first Liberian hippopotamus fell a victim to my gun. It was a nearly full-grown cow.

But my mission was to secure the animals alive, and wherever

I found a likely place I had a pit dug. In all, I must have made nearly two hundred. They were about seven feet deep, and covered so that the sharpest eye could not detect any sign of danger. You can imagine my delight when one of my boys rushed into my tent one evening shouting, "Massa, massa, mwe (pigmy hippo) done catch!" I immediately hastened to the spot, and, sure enough, there was a pigmy hippopotamus in one of our pits. At last I had succeeded, in spite of the prophecies of Europeans, Liberians, and natives. Only

a few days before Tawe-Dadwe had told me, "It is impossible to catch a live mwe. It has never been done. They have only been taken in pits and then shot. They are very dangerous, and many



The Author with one of his curious prizes—This is the first living specimen to be brought out of Africa.

*From a Photo. by*

*[Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.]*

hunters have been killed. You white men know a lot, but you will never catch a live mwe."

That very night we built a fence around the pit, and when the animal walked out into his little corral next morning I was delighted to find that it was a handsome bull, in the prime of life. Six days later a second one was caught, a two-year-old cow, and a week later again a third—a young bull.

I had now three animals at three different places. Macca, where the little cow was caught, I decided to make my central collecting station, and I started to move the animals there. Difficulties soon arose, the Golah men refusing to carry the hippo. I needed at least forty men to transport each animal, while roads had to be cut through the forest. Had it not been for the valuable and unselfish assistance I received from the Liberian Government, who had appointed me a major on their geographical staff, I should never have been able to bring my expedition to a satisfactory end. Nobody can imagine the enormous difficulties

where I caught three animals, it took me, after I had had the roads made, twelve days to the first river, whence I could use boat transport to the coast.

In this work I relied upon the promise of carriers from the native King Gongzoo. In return for a present he had agreed to give me



Two of the hippos awaiting shipment to Europe.  
From a Photograph.



None the worse for transportation—A pigmy hippo at Hamburg.  
From a Photo. by Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.

I experienced in transporting these heavy animals. They had to be carried in self-invented native-made baskets through the roadless hinterland of Liberia. From the farthest place inland,

men to transport the first animal caught in his district. But when I sent and demanded the carriers he refused to supply them. However, by dint of great exertion we got the hippo into the basket, and my own carriers brought it, in spite of the most frightful difficulties, to Gongzoo's town. It

was now a matter of getting men or standing the chance of losing my hard-fought-for animals. I therefore tried a bluff. All alone, with only my sergeant, I arrested the chief in the middle of his own town, kept him in front of my revolver, loaded all my guns, placed them before me on the table, and declared war if the men were not forthcoming within two hours. The ruse succeeded, for when they saw their king a prisoner the men came. What would have



Building the cages in which the captives were carried to the coast.

From a Photograph

happened if they had accepted my challenge I do not know.

After I had transported the first three animals to my central station and had handed them over to one of Hagenbeck's keepers, I returned to Monrovia to

and I hurried ahead to arrange food for the animals. Mrs. Schomburgk stayed behind to superintend the transportation of the valuable creatures. At last we reached Japacca, where our captives were transferred to proper cages, which had been specially sent out from Hamburg. Now our troubles were over.

In due course we reached the coast and placed the hippos on a steamer bound for Hamburg, where they arrived safe and well.

In conclusion I may add that the pigmy hippopotamus (*Choeropsis*

*liberiensis* Mort.) somewhat resembles the American tapir. It has the head and face of a hippo, and in maturity develops powerful tusks. Its back is distinctly arched, its legs somewhat thin, and its colour a slaty black. It is certainly more



Major Schomburgk with a hippo.

From a Photo. by Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.

arrange for their farther transport and to meet my wife, who had come out to join me. When we returned to Macca great was our delight to learn that in the interval two more hippos had been caught. It was now necessary to return to the coast without delay before the rains set in and made the country impassable. At Monrovia his Excellency the President, Mr. D. E. Howard, placed soldiers at my disposal to assist me in collecting sufficient carriers.

Whilst the keeper sent out by Mr. Hagenbeck

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graceful, both in appearance and in movement, than its big cousin. In size it is not larger than a well-grown pig, and at maturity weighs about four hundred pounds. How rare and valuable the creature is may be gauged when it is stated that the New York Zoological Society gave two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds for a pair of them. The two expeditions which their capture had entailed, however, were very expensive affairs, necessitating an outlay of over three thousand pounds.

# MY REMINISCENCES



## THE STORY OF A MODERN DICK WHITTINGTON.

BY THOMAS WARD, MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CAMERON.

Educated in a public institution and on a training-ship, Mr. Ward left England at the mature age of nineteen in search of fortune. From Australia he journeyed to San Francisco, where his adventures began in earnest. Alone and unaided—entirely ignorant of what lay before him—the plucky lad set out to tramp right across the American continent to New York, a distance of three thousand miles. Incredible to relate, he actually accomplished this amazing feat, though he passed through many perils ere he set foot in New York. Finally, he reached England and Nottingham again, after travelling right round the world. Like Dick Whittington of old, the erstwhile homeless wanderer has risen high, for last November, after serving as councillor, guardian, and sheriff of his native city, he was elected as mayor. The romantic story of his life is here told by Mr. Ward himself.



SUPPOSE comparatively few people—even among my acquaintances—are aware of the extraordinary incidents which occurred in my early career, and as I have now attained the highest honour that my fellow-townsmen can confer, I have been urged to relate the story of my life as a matter of public interest.

The house in Nottingham in which I was born, on October 12th, 1858, adjoined the Grapes Inn, exactly opposite the still existing public-house bearing the title of "The Old English Gentleman," in the notorious locality known as "The Bottoms."

Our family consisted of a dozen children in addition to my parents, all living in three wretched rooms, for which was paid a weekly rent of two shillings and sixpence. My father was a hand-frame knitter, earning eighteen shillings per week, but after a time depression in trade caused him to lose his employment altogether. My mother made a brave attempt to eke out a livelihood by turning the living-room into a newsagent's shop, and at the age of seven I went out into the streets to sell papers. At the age of twelve and a half I was sent by

the guardians to the *Southampton* training-ship, stationed at Hull.

After one year's training I was transferred to the Hull fishing service. My life on board the fishing-boats was one long period of cruel torments. I was employed as cook, and systematically ill-treated by every member of the crew. Life on these boats forty years ago was of the very roughest character, and for two and a half years I endured unspeakable sufferings. My one desire was to obtain release from such an inferno.

I had plenty of food, however, and the sea air worked marvels for me after my slum life, so that I developed a remarkably healthy constitution.

On attaining the mature age of sixteen I was free of the control of the guardians, and in the year 1874 I bade good-bye to the fishing service and returned to Nottingham, where I obtained employment in the Clifton coal-mine as a pony-driver.

About this time exaggerated rumours were afloat respecting the goldfields of Australia. The Australian Government were advertising free passages to all able-bodied men in possession

of two pounds to pay for kit and utensils, and after very little consideration I determined to try my luck at the mines. I therefore made an application for the necessary tickets, and on December 22nd, 1877, being then nineteen, I sailed from Plymouth on board the emigrant ship *Northbrook*.

We enthusiastic gold-seekers experienced a rude awakening before many hours had elapsed after our arrival. We discovered that for months past emigrant ships had been coming in from all parts of the world at the rate of three or four per month, and the streets were swarming with men and women in a state of absolute destitution, while large parties were continually returning from up-country penniless and broken in health. To these hapless wanderers the new *El Dorado* had proved a delusion and a snare. It is needless to say I was bitterly disappointed, and was soon satisfied that to proceed to the mines was worse than useless, and considered myself very fortunate, in fact, in obtaining a temporary situation.

One afternoon I went down to the quay, where my attention was attracted by a smart barque-rigged sailing-ship preparing for sea. My inquiries elicited the information that she was the *Golden Fleece*, bound for San Francisco, California.

I went on board and offered to work my passage round the other half of the globe. In consequence of my training in the fishing fleet my offer was at once accepted, and I was rated as an A.B.

The passage across the Pacific Ocean from Sydney occupied fifty-four days, and the *Golden Fleece* cast anchor off San Francisco in August, 1878.

It is difficult to portray the utter solitude of my position as I walked along the streets of San Francisco thirty-four years ago—a lad not twenty years of age, totally ignorant of the country in which I had arrived, and with only a few dollars in my pocket.

It appears that in San Francisco at the period of which I write there were—and by all accounts are still—several "sailors' boarding-houses," which were conducted under a peculiar system.

It was the practice of the "touts" employed by the proprietors to lure sailors into these establishments under various pretences. Often no charge was made for board and lodging, and the sailors were encouraged to drink freely of the vile intoxicants supplied in abundance.

When a ship was about to sail on a long voyage the men were drugged and secretly taken on board—"shanghaied," in fact. The rascally proprietors of the boarding-houses were paid a large proportion of the luckless sailors'

"advance notes" for their services in having thus provided a crew.

Immediately on my arrival I was enticed to take up my abode in one of these boarding-houses. My ignorance and simplicity rendered me an easy victim to the "tout," for I had actually thought I was in luck's way. I was well accustomed to roughing it. My whole life hitherto had been rough and hard, and the boarding-house appeared as a veritable haven of safety.

I soon discovered its real character, however, and a week after my first arrival I determined to make an effort to escape. Leaving my trunk behind me, and with only a little bundle of linen in my hand, I contrived to leave the house undetected just before five o'clock one morning, and ran down to the ferry-boat which left San Francisco at five every morning for Oakland. I succeeded in crossing the bay without attracting special attention, and quickly made my way to the railway station, in great fear of pursuit. I knew that trains left Oakland for New York, and that ships left New York for England, but of the distance between San Francisco and New York, and the nature of the country to be traversed, I was as ignorant as a child.

The lowest fare to New York from Oakland was somewhere about one hundred dollars. I wasted no time in speculating as to the possibility of acquiring such a sum; the acquisition of the moon itself was just as easy to me. Every moment I expected to see a "boarding-house runner" on my track, who would certainly arrest me for non-payment of my food and lodging bill, so that I should then be completely in their power. So, without the least hesitation, I started to walk across the American continent to New York—over three thousand miles by the railway route—my outfit consisting of a spare shirt, the clothes on my back, and two or three dollars in my pocket.

I had, as I have said, no idea of what the journey involved. In my ignorance I pictured the country to myself as being similar to England. The railway lines I decided should be my compass through the journey; I was shrewd enough to understand the danger of losing my way.

For several days my expectations were fully realized. From Oakland to Stockton, a distance of about sixty miles,\* the country abounded in orchards, and I gathered fruit in large quantities. The weather was lovely, and I could always obtain a good meal at any of the farmhouses in payment for chopping a pile of wood for winter use. A comfortable bed was easily found among the straw in the sheds.

\* The distances given by Mr. Ward are his rough calculations of the miles he covered on the journey, and have not been verified by the map.

On the third day I came up with another wayfarer, who gave me some useful instructions as to the methods adopted by tramps in their wanderings. He explained to me that it was not necessary to do much walking, as it was often very easy to obtain a ride on the freight trains.

Together, at dusk, we arrived at a wayside station some twenty-five or thirty miles from Stockton, and here we ascertained that a freight train would leave at ten o'clock for Sacramento. Hiding



Mr. Thomas Ward, Mayor of Nottingham, who left England at the age of nineteen in search of fortune—Mr. Ward here describes the many adventures and terrible hardships he experienced during a tramp right across the American continent.

*From a Photo. by G. Hendry.*

ourselves in the hedge opposite the stopping-place, we awaited the train. When it pulled up I was astonished to see from twenty to thirty tramps rush out and attempt to secrete themselves about the wagons. On the first wagon I reached was a steam boiler lying at full length. I quickly scrambled into the fire-hole and shut myself in, while my companion

crept into the body of the boiler at the other end. Before the train started, however, a number of officials, carrying lamps, searched the wagons and cleared about a score of the tramps out, including my companion; but they failed to detect me in the fire-hole.

In this fashion I travelled about eighty miles during the night, until we entered Sacramento, where I was glad to get out and thus escape from the tortures of the bumping wagons.

I had now covered a distance of about a hundred and seventy miles, and, gathering a fresh supply of fruit, set forth cheerfully on my way again, working and begging as I went along. In every case my youthful and forlorn appearance touched the hearts of the people, who treated me with great kindness. When I told them I was an English lad struggling to reach New York in order to return home they were simply speechless with amazement.

Not for an instant did anyone believe that I would live to accomplish a quarter of the distance.

During the day I passed through Sacramento I made the acquaintance of another American tramp, who enlightened me somewhat as to the nature of the country before me.

He explained to me that the Sierra Nevada Mountains lay before me, and that for a hundred and forty-five miles the road ran over the mountains. It would be utterly impossible, he said, for anyone to cross them on foot through the snow, especially without any equipment whatever, as was the case with me. As we travelled along towards Auburn, twenty-five miles from Sacramento, the tramp told me that the "Lightning" mail express would stop at that wayside station for

water previous to starting her run through the snow-sheds of the Nevada Mountains. He then proposed a scheme by which, he suggested, we might obtain a passage over the Nevadas with the rail train. He described to me how it was possible for a fearless man to pack himself under a Pullman car, between a crossbar and the bottom of the car, so as to ride with safety. He said that



under the Pullman, at the rear end, was an iron bar two and a half inches broad, and about a foot from the floor of the car; and if a slim man jammed his body at full length along the bar in this space he could travel in that way with a fair amount of security, so long as he kept his nerves well under control.

I was in a desperate dilemma. I could not stay where I was, and I dared not turn back. I therefore determined to risk the journey over the mountains under a Pullman car.

Probably the tramp had often taken trips under the cars on shorter journeys and on better routes; but the run through the Nevada snow-sheds was another thing, and only in the last extremity would anyone attempt the feat.

In due time the pair of us arrived at Auburn, and when the mail drew up I carefully packed myself, unperceived in the darkness, along the bar under a Pullman car, as instructed by the friendly "hobo."

I cannot, of course, give any adequate description of my ensuing experience. The train appeared to travel at a fearful rate, creating a perfect sand-storm beneath the wheels, which nearly suffocated me. As we dashed through the snow-sheds the cold, intensified by the rush of air, benumbed my limbs and almost stopped the circulation.

Gradually I lost the feeling of intense pain, and as I became partially unconscious the fatal numbness increased. Grasping the bar with rigid fingers, my head rested on my hands, my body wedged between the bar and the floor of the car, I endured unspeakable agonies during the following four or five hours, as the train steamed upwards through the mountains' gorges. Early in the morning the mail entered the depot at Truckee—seven thousand two hundred feet above sea-level. Shaking off my stupor I managed to wriggle off the bar and fall to the ground. With a great effort I succeeded in crawling on hands and knees from under the train, and in that manner reached the engine-shed, where a large fire was burning. Here I was allowed to rest myself until fully recovered.

I calculated that I was now three hundred and forty miles distant from San Francisco, and safe from my enemies; but, nevertheless, I decided to assume the name of Albert Edward Ellingworth—the surname being my grandmother's—for the purpose of hiding all traces of my movements from the San Francisco crimps, of whom I had exaggerated fears. I found it necessary to rest all day in Truckee, and on hunting for food was not long in discovering a large potato field. The town itself was simply a small collection of wooden structures, but the land was well

cultivated for a considerable distance around. I gathered a quantity of potatoes and several other edible roots, then lighted a fire, and with the aid of a fruit-tin made soup of the vegetables by the side of a small stream. In this manner I satisfied my hunger, washed, and made myself as presentable as possible in the circumstances. Then I made an application at one of the shanties for some employment, but the settler received me in such an inhospitable manner—setting a savage dog at me, from which I escaped with difficulty—that I dared not approach anyone else.

Towards evening I observed several tramps seated together round a fire beside a potato field. Plucking up courage I joined them, and was received without question; but during the night somebody stole my last coin.

Early next morning the party breakfasted off potatoes and what bread they had picked up in the place. I boiled an extra supply of potatoes for future use, and then started off again on my way towards New York. That night I slept alone on the mountains under an overhanging rock.

At noon the following day I arrived at Reno Junction, forty miles from Truckee.

After leaving Reno I never saw another tramp until I arrived at Salt Lake. This fact was very significant, had I only understood the reason. No man with the least knowledge of what the journey involved would ever dream of attempting to cross the State of Nevada through the Great American Desert single-handed and without the slightest preparation or equipment.

I, however, was in utter ignorance as to the nature of the country before me. At Reno I obtained a further supply of potatoes and fruit, and then, after crossing the Truckee River by the side of the railway, I entered on a tramp across that terrible sandy desert. Very soon all habitations and every vestige of vegetation were left behind. Imagine a solitary lad, just twenty years old, carrying a few boiled potatoes and a small quantity of fruit, calmly tramping over one of the greatest death-traps in the American continent. Hour after hour I plodded on by the side of the rails, occasionally resting while a train rushed past. It was the month of August, with the sun pouring its hot rays on my head, and there was not the least shelter anywhere in sight. In supreme loneliness I fought my way along, a great new fear in my heart. What did this immense desert mean in this part of America? I had never for a moment anticipated such an experience.

But the railway inspired me with courage. I could not lose my way, I thought, and soon the sand would surely come to an end. Once or

twice I passed a signal-box, but the men inside regarded me with suspicion. I might be a decoy in league with train robbers. They would not even open their doors to speak to me.

I ate sparingly of my provisions, but had no water with me. When darkness overtook me I lay down in the sand to sleep. The nights were chilly, and as I had nothing to make a fire with I hollowed out a bed in the sand and discovered the warmth beneath the surface.

All through the next day I tramped on and on, reeling under the pitiless glare of that awful sun. Nothing was in view but the shining lines lying on the shimmering sands, and running straight on and on till they disappeared in the distance.

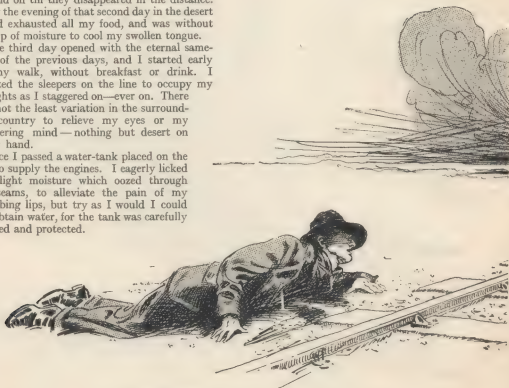
By the evening of that second day in the desert I had exhausted all my food, and was without a drop of moisture to cool my swollen tongue.

The third day opened with the eternal sameness of the previous days, and I started early on my walk, without breakfast or drink. I counted the sleepers on the line to occupy my thoughts as I staggered on—ever on. There was not the least variation in the surrounding country to relieve my eyes or my wandering mind—nothing but desert on every hand.

Once I passed a water-tank placed on the line to supply the engines. I eagerly licked the slight moisture which oozed through the seams, to alleviate the pain of my throbbing lips, but try as I would I could not obtain water, for the tank was carefully covered and protected.

view. I had never heard of the Nevada desert, and had not before this the least conception of the existence of such a place.

Again throughout the fourth day I stumbled on under the same fiery sunshine, amid the everlasting silence—two days without food and four days without water. As evening approached, and when despair and exhaustion tempted me to lie down and die, I suddenly discovered that the line was crossing the Humboldt River. With a shriek of hysterical laughter I staggered



"I eagerly scanned the party as they crossed the railway line."

That night I buried myself in the sands in partial delirium. Since the previous evening I had tasted no food, and had not drunk water since leaving Reno. During the whole day, too, I had seen no living thing, save when the trains whirled past me, paying no heed to my despairing signals.

My fears and tortures were indescribable. It seemed like some horrible nightmare. I was astounded that no station or town came within

to the riverside and dashed my aching head into the water. After relieving my burning thirst I stripped and plunged into the cooling stream. It was delicious—but still I had no food.

That night I slept by the riverside. My sleep was profound and dreamless, and greatly revived my exhausted energies. The following morning I had another refreshing bath, and then left the river with great reluctance, but I knew that I

must push on, as I felt the pangs of hunger keenly, and the consequent weakness alarmed me. I had walked a hundred miles during the last four days, half the time without food and water.

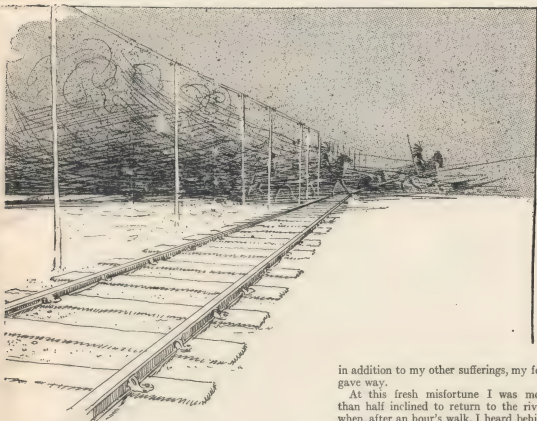
The fifth day brought no release from that awful desert, but I still struggled on until darkness fell—the third day without food. Throwing myself down, I slept on the sands as before.

On the morning of the sixth day in the desert,

captured goods. Several dogs accompanied the Indians, but as there was a hot wind blowing from the east, raising a slight dust-storm, I was not discovered.

I learnt afterwards that I had had a merciful escape, as the redskins would assuredly have taken my scalp if my presence had been detected.

Fearing danger, I did not continue my journey until about an hour had elapsed, and when the Indians had completely vanished. And now,



and fortunately before I had commenced my forward tramp, I observed a black mass on the far horizon, which presently revealed itself into men on horseback, moving from north to south, eastward of myself. Stretching my body out on the sands—I felt too weak to rise—I eagerly scanned the party as they crossed the railway line half a mile ahead of me. They proved to be a band of Indians, apparently returning from a raid. Trailing behind the horses were long poles, on which were slung large packages of

in addition to my other sufferings, my feet gave way.

At this fresh misfortune I was more than half inclined to return to the river, when, after an hour's walk, I heard behind me the sound of an approaching train. I stood close to the line in a sullen, mad humour. No doubt the driver saw me standing there alone in that open desolate region, for the train slowed down to about six miles an hour as the engine passed me, the engine-men staring at me in great astonishment.

It was a freight train, with covered wagons, and before the last one passed me, nerved by an impulse of sheer desperation, I sprang on to a buffer and succeeded in securing a seat across it. Presently the train increased its speed, and for

several hours I clung to my place as none but a desperate man could possibly have done.

About noon the train entered the station of Winnemucca, a railway depot in the desert, and there I crawled from under the wagon.

I made no attempt to avoid detection. My dirty appearance, my wild-looking eyes, emaciated features, and staggering gait evoked exclamations of wondering pity from the guards and drivers congregated there. I had not tasted food for three and a half days nor a drop of water for a day and a half, and for nearly six days had been toiling alone across that awful desert under a scorching, blinding sun.

I was immediately assisted into a small refreshment-room, and there provided with food and stimulants.

I gathered from the men that another depot, called Carlin, was situated about eighty miles farther east. It was imperative for me to risk the journey, as I could not expect further aid here, and the guards would not give me a free passage on the trains. On leaving the saloon next morning I was presented with a parcel of broken victuals, a bottle of water, and a supply of ship's biscuits.

Once more I faced the terrors of the desert, buoyed with the faith that my strength would enable me to reach the depot by the time my food and water were exhausted.

I may say here that I accomplished the task, and towards evening of the fourth day, utterly exhausted, I hobbled into the Carlin depot, and arrived at a hut in which three young Englishmen resided. They asked me who and what I was. When I stated that I was an Englishman on my way to New York—and my speech bore out my assertion—they treated me with ready hospitality. They told me the distance I had travelled, the position of the depot in the desert, and the many miles I had still to accomplish before I left this desolate region behind me. But, above all, they instructed me in a scheme by which I might succeed in reaching Salt Lake.

I was well aware that the railway line along the route was but a single one, and that, at long distances apart, there were loop lines by which the trains travelling in opposite directions might pass each other.

But I did not know that emigrant trains were compelled to stand on the loop lines until all other trains had passed them. They informed me that the guards on the trains going east were changed at Carlin, where they examined all tickets, which would not be again checked until the next station was reached.

The idea was that if I could walk to the next place where the loop lines were laid, and manage

to conceal myself until the arrival of an emigrant train, which would be obliged to wait a considerable time for a passing mail, I could then mingle with the emigrants, as they were allowed to leave the train for the time being for relaxation from their confinement. I would thus be able to take my place in the train as one of the emigrants, as no one would suspect me having stolen on board in such a desolate part. This scheme I was able to carry out with complete success, and in due course reached Ogden, Salt Lake. Thus I had been brought two hundred and fifty miles over the remaining portion of the desert, which extends by railway route from Reno Junction to Ogden—about five hundred and fifty miles.

I had now accomplished, perhaps, a thousand miles since leaving San Francisco, and had been three weeks on the way.

I left the train at Ogden without interference from the officials, to discover a land flowing with milk and honey, the inhabitants of which were hospitable to a degree. I did not intrude on the hospitality of my new-found friends for sleeping accommodation, but slept on a haystack.

On the sixth day of my stay, in Ogden I unexpectedly met a young emigrant who had shared his food with me in the train. He told me that he intended to tramp the long distance from Ogden to his home in Chicago. We agreed to travel together, and I was only too pleased to have a companion on my lonely journey for a distance of about one thousand five hundred miles. The stranger had a little money in his possession, and he bought a small stock of provisions, which were made up in a convenient kit to sling over the shoulders. He decided to sleep with me that night in the haystack. I had already conceived a plan for a further lift on the railway. The two of us determined to secrete ourselves in an empty wagon the following morning. Apparently we overslept ourselves, for when I was awakened by the noise of the bumping wagons that train was just about to steam away. I jumped up, shouted to my companion, seized the bundle of food, rushed to the moving train, and just succeeded in springing into an empty box-car. My companion, a few yards in the rear, made a similar attempt, but was thrown back on to the line and left behind. I was exceedingly sorry and genuinely distressed at this unfortunate occurrence. The stranger had been very kind to me, and I had looked forward with pleasant anticipation to our companionship.

In about an hour's time the train stopped and shunted the wagons on a branch line. I remained quietly shut up inside for about half an hour, when the doors were pushed aside and



"My companion was thrown back on to the line and left behind."

my presence was revealed, and I was roughly ordered off.

Next morning I commenced my long tramp through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains,

leaving Utah behind me and entering the territory of Wyoming. I followed the windings of the line along the mountain sides and through the valleys until nightfall. Here I had an

abundant supply of materials for a fire, including pieces of coal, which were scattered here and there along the line. The solitude of the Rockies was not to be compared with the awful silence of the desert, nor was it so devoid of human life.

I was ever watchful for an opportunity to snatch a lift on a passing train, but the officials here were much more on the alert than in the desert.

When I arrived at the mountain town of Granger, on the Black Fork River, in the heart of the Rockies, I had come to the end of my resources. All my provisions—or, rather, my 'unfortunate' friends—were consumed, and that night I went hungry to bed in a cold and draughty shed. I dared not resume my journey across the mountains unprovided for.

At this period Granger was a large coal depot, and also a station where engines were housed. The day after my arrival I interviewed the foreman at the engine-sheds, to whom I appealed for employment, and he got me a job with a farmer who had come from Nottingham, and proved very kind to me. Ten days later I left him, continuing my tramp along the railway line with ample supplies. I made my solitary bed once more among the bushes, and again slept out in the open mountains. By the end of the next day I had completed another fifty miles, passing through Green River Settlement.

I had reached a small wayside village when I was delighted to see an emigrant train pull up on the loop lines. Without the least hesitation I made myself one of the crowd, and took my place in a carriage. This was a golden opportunity I had not anticipated. But I started congratulating myself just a little too soon. A few minutes after the train started the guard entered the compartment to examine the tickets. I broke into a state of cold perspiration, for I knew these men took the law into their own hands when they thought proper to do so, and that they had little consideration for ordinary tramps. I made pretence of searching for my ticket, then said I must have left it in my luggage, and went out on to the platform of the carriage, the guard keeping close by my side. I then candidly confessed I had no ticket, and explained my position, admitting my fault, and begging for permission to ride to the next station. The guard replied that I must either pay the fare or instantly leave the train. I pointed out that it was impossible to leave the train, now running almost at its full speed. Thereupon, with the utmost brutality, the guard gave me a most violent kick, sending me flying on to the track, where I lay motionless—whether killed or maimed the conductor neither knew nor cared.

When I recovered consciousness, after lying there for probably half an hour, I gradually ascertained the extent of my injuries. I was badly bruised and stunned with the shock, but no bones were broken. My thigh was actually bleeding from the violence of the kick, and I was quite incapable of continuing my journey. With great difficulty I succeeded in returning to the settlement, where I arrived as darkness was closing in.

I was in a pitiable condition, and remained sitting outside the station in great distress, hungry and forlorn, knowing not where to lay my head. Later in the evening I was roused into activity by the arrival of a mail train, and instantly called to mind my previous ride under the car over the Nevada from Auburn to Truckee.

My desperate position impelled me to make a determined effort to repeat the hazardous experience. Accordingly I crept behind the cars, unperceived by the railway men, and again I jammed myself along the bar beneath the floor of a Pullman.

Soon the train commenced its journey over the Green Mountains, where the line reaches an altitude of six thousand feet. The cold was intense; I felt it much more than I had previously done, and after a time I began literally to freeze to death. Fortunately, as the hours went by I was rendered so numb with the coldness of the rushing air that I ceased to feel the unbearable torture. I am fully convinced that I should have been absolutely frozen to death before the next station was reached but for a very fortunate incident which occurred on the journey. During the early hours of the morning the train came to a sudden stop, and mercifully pitched me to the ground. The shock roused me sufficiently to enable me to crawl from between the wheels. It was very dark, and before I realized my situation I found myself rolling down an embankment twenty or thirty feet high.

The rough tumble had a most beneficial effect, as it tended to increase the numbed circulation, and thoroughly restored my wandering mind. I had almost determined to let the train go without me, when it occurred to me that even the horrors of the journey under the car might be preferable to a lingering death by starvation and cold in the passes of the mountains. I therefore scrambled up the embankment with celerity, fearful lest the train should start off before I secured my former place. Happily the delay had been prolonged, and I was safely jammed beneath the car once more when the mail resumed its upward run.

As daylight began to spread over the mountain



ranges the mail entered the station at Rawlins, where I slowly emerged from my hiding-place more dead than alive.

Staggering into the engine-shed, I sat down by the fire to recover the full possession of my senses and the use of my numbed limbs. No one paid any attention to me, and after remaining

I was leaving the platform, when I came suddenly face to face with the brutal conductor who had kicked me off the train the previous afternoon! (The mail, it should be explained, had passed the emigrant *en route* during the night.)

The guard stared at me in the utmost con-



"The guard gave me a most violent kick, sending me flying on to the track."

as long as I dared I made my way on to the station platform, determined never again to repeat the performance, come what might.

As I sat on the platform, completely worn out and unable to decide which way to turn, an emigrant train steamed into the station.

sternation, recognizing me instantly as the lad whom he had treated with such extreme cruelty. I observed the varied emotions of fear, amazement, incredulity, and horror depicted on the man's face. Obviously he took me for a ghost. With a look, half of reproach, half of anger,

I turned away and left the station, the guard, limp and speechless, watching my departure.

At an outlying shanty I obtained permission to chop a large pile of logs, and thus secured my meals for the day and a place to sleep in during the night.

For about twenty miles after leaving Rawlins I tramped through the passes and by the ridges of the hills until I reached Benson City, then a mere collection of wooden shanties. Near this place I came up with a company of tramps, camped out on the prairie around a large fire, and was at once admitted to their companionship.

Before leaving Benson I invested a dollar the farmer had given me at parting in the purchase of as much food as I was able to procure. Before nightfall of that day I had surmounted the Medicine Bow ridges, and now hoped I had seen the last of the Rocky Mountains.

Two days later I met a young man who informed me that the only feasible means of getting into Nebraska State was by secreting ourselves in the corn wagons at Laramie depot, where the traffic was always in such a congested state that no difficulty would be experienced in finding a berth. The distance to be travelled over the Black Mountains and to Council Bluffs was about seven hundred miles, and would occupy three days in the freight trains.

In due course we arrived at Laramie depot, having accomplished about a hundred miles since leaving Benson City. After carefully reconnoitring the premises, and accurately locating the wagons labelled for Council Bluffs, I was further instructed as to subsequent proceedings.

The corn was stored in bags in enclosed wagons with doors which slid along the sides—to the best of my recollection on small wheels running in iron grooves. Affixed to the fastenings on the doors were large seals, so that the doors could not be broken open without revealing the fact. The tramps, however, had discovered that by the aid of a crowbar, a stout piece of wood, or some similar implement, it was possible to lever the doors out of the grooves and to hold the bottom end wide enough for a slim man to wriggle into the wagon. It was necessary, however, that one man should remain outside, as the door could only be replaced from there. We tossed for it, with a button, and I won. When it was quite dark we shared our food equally between us, shook hands, and bade one another good-bye. Then, while the stranger held the bottom portion of the door back with a piece of plank, I squeezed myself into the wagon between the bags. My companion loyally stuck to his bargain, replaced the door,

and waited his chance of a similar service. The wagon was loaded with barley from California, being bound for Council Bluffs, in Iowa. Unfortunately for me the wagons were not moved until morning, but I quietly remained inside waiting for developments. At last they were attached to an engine and shunted away. With occasional stoppages the train travelled slowly along all day, but I had finished my meagre stock of food with my dinner at noon, when thirst reminded me that I had very foolishly omitted to lay in a supply of water. With frequent delays the train continued its journey through the night, and I suffered very much with the intense cold. To counteract its effects I busied myself in shifting the bags about, piling them up to the roof on each side, until I made an avenue along the centre portion. Through the second day the train proceeded slowly on its journey, continually pulling up for one reason or another. In order to overcome the terrible cold I walked backwards and forwards all that second night of travelling, with a sack of barley on my back, and in this manner maintained the warmth in my body. The cold very sensibly decreased while the sun was in evidence during the day, which gave me a period of rest and sleep. But the third day brought with it terrible pangs of hunger and thirst. I had been three nights without a drop of water, and had tasted no food since noon of the first day in the wagon. The fourth day passed slowly; and the fourth night I was too exhausted to carry a bag on my back. Still there was no release; I was in a trap of my own providing from which I could not escape. I found to my cost that eating the barley greatly increased my thirst and intensified my sufferings. Another day closed in, leaving me half mad with thirst and thoroughly exhausted for lack of food, lying helpless on the floor of the wagon between the piled-up bags. How I lived through the fifth day and fifth night I shall never understand. For several hours during the night the train stood motionless on the line. I believed it had arrived at its destination, and expected every moment to hear the door opened and find myself in the clutches of the officials. After its long stoppage, however, the train again proceeded onwards. Rumbling over a bridge and leaving Omaha behind, it finally drew up at the Union Pacific Railway Transfer at Council Bluffs in the early morning of the sixth day. I lay prostrate on the floor partially insensible, having been five nights without water and nearly four days without food.

Shortly after our arrival I heard voices near the wagon, and presently the opposite door to the one by which I had entered was opened.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the man. "This wagon is well loaded up."

The bags were taken out one by one, until another exclamation of surprise was evoked, when the open space in the centre was noticed. Another moment and the man was shouting, "Good heavens! there is a dead man in the wagon!"

Several men pushed forward, and shouts were then raised for the foreman.

foreman appeared on the scene he immediately inquired who had broken the seal on the door, and the young man who had made the discovery proved that he had done so.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the foreman, aghast. "The man must have been ten to fourteen days in the wagon—all the way from California. Poor beggar! How he must have suffered. He is stone dead."

They lifted me up with great gentleness,



"The man was shouting, 'Good heavens! there is a dead man in the wagon!'"

In my enfeebled condition I had no difficulty in simulating death; and this I deliberately did, partly in fear of punishment, and partly to excite sympathy. My death-like pallor, haggard features, and helpless limbs were well calculated to mislead a crowd of excited men. When the

while I remained perfectly passive, and carried me into a shed where a large fire was burning. Here, attracted no doubt by some movement on my part, one of the men put his hand over my heart and in great excitement shouted, "His heart beats; he is not dead! Bring the doctor!"

When the doctor arrived and had examined me he explained that, though I was not dead, I was very near it, and he directed that small quantities of stimulants and beef-tea should be administered throughout the night at regular intervals. The men most cheerfully carried out the doctor's instructions, and I rapidly began to revive.

The men were vastly interested in the case, and when towards morning I recovered my speech they were highly delighted. They made up a comfortable couch and kept me there all day, feeding me with gruel and beef-tea. When the night gang came on again the young man who had first discovered me volunteered to share his lodgings with me, and I was accordingly removed in a cart to a small saloon in the main thoroughfare, about a mile and a half from the Transfer. Here I was placed in bed, and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

I was able to dress and sit up all the following day, supplied by the kindly railway men with fowl and an abundance of good things, by which means I regained to a large extent my normal strength.

Before my young friend left to join the night shift that evening I told him my story, and the good-natured fellow promised to speak to the foreman in my behalf and help me to obtain employment at the Railway Transfer. The foreman at once agreed to engage me on the night shift, and on the third night of my arrival I commenced my duties at the Transfer.

I was employed there for two months, from October to December, 1878, and my name was registered in the books as Albert Edward Ellingworth. My pay was one dollar fifty-five cents per night, seven nights a week.

While at Council Bluffs I wrote a letter to my parents, in which I related many of the experiences now published in detail in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*.

Towards the end of December it was found necessary to discharge half the hands employed at the Transfer—myself included. I then applied for work at a large pork factory, but without success, all vacancies having been filled up by the discharged Transfer men, who were regularly engaged there during the winter season.

To continue my journey to New York on foot was now impracticable, as the cold was so severe that I would soon have perished on the way.

During my two months' labours in Council Bluffs I had saved about forty dollars, and on inquiry I ascertained that the railway fare to New York was thirty-four dollars at the cheapest rate.

I had no option but to start immediately, and accordingly I purchased a ticket. The

journey occupied about five days, and with my surplus savings I procured the food I required in the meantime, sleeping in the train throughout.

Late one evening, with a single dollar in my pocket, I arrived at New York on Christmas Day, 1878. Six days later one of the officers on board an English steamer, the *Anchoria*, listened to my appeal for a job. Calling the engineer, the officer requested him to find me work in the bunkers, telling me the ship was sailing in a day or two.

When the *Anchoria* arrived at Glasgow, after a rough voyage, as I had received no pay, and had taken the place of some disabled men, the stokers made a collection for me in reward for my extra work, and presented me with fifteen shillings. Otherwise, of course, I should have been absolutely penniless.

As it was, the amount was insufficient to pay the railway fare from Glasgow to Nottingham, and the sailors accordingly advised me to walk across the country to Leith, and from there take a boat to Hull. This I did, subsequently safely reaching my native city.

My sudden appearance, it is needless to say, gave my family a great shock, for they had not the remotest notion I had left America. My arrival, however, was none the less welcome, and a very happy relief to my parents' many anxieties.

In this manner I returned home after an absence of thirteen months, having accomplished a journey round the world at twenty years of age, without friend or companion, and practically penniless from start to finish.

A few weeks after my return I obtained employment as porter in a local manufactory. Three months afterwards I was appointed salesman at another house in the same line of business. My activity and industry in the interests of the firm induced the proprietor to sell me part of the business at the end of six years. Finally it passed entirely into my possession, and I am now, at the age of fifty-four, in a position to retire altogether.

In 1898 I was elected to the Nottingham Board of Guardians, and in 1904 became a member of the City Council. In 1906 I was elected Chairman of the Board of Guardians, re-elected for a second year in 1907, and in 1907 was appointed chairman of the assessment committee, which position I still hold. In 1909 I became sheriff, and in 1912 was elected as mayor of the city.

*Thomas Ward*

# Frontier Life in South America.

BY W. O. SIMON.

The story of four years' wanderings amidst the forests and mountains of Peru and Bolivia. During this period many curious and exciting adventures befell the Author, and these he relates in chatty fashion, illustrating his narrative with some very interesting photographs.

## II.



IN my last article I wrote more especially of my adventures in the mountainous sections of the great Amazon basin. In this and the succeeding instalment I propose to deal with my experiences in the forests and rivers at the eastern foot of the Peruvian Andes, that unexplored region through which flows the mighty chain of waters that go to make the greatest river of the world—the Amazon.

In September, 1910, I arrived at Puerto Leguia, a small post by the Inambari River. Puerto Leguia, named after the present President of Peru, is the terminus of the road I had been making over the high Andes, to connect with the Amazonian chain of rivers. The station, which was three days' journey from Chaquimayo, my headquarters on the road, consists merely of a few log huts and a storehouse, built in a forest clearing some sixty feet above the Inambari River.

From Puerto Leguia I intended to go down the Inambari by canoe to the Madre de Dios River, and there to see what possibilities there might be for rubber trading. I also wished to explore the upper Madre de Dios and Colorado Rivers for alluvial gold.

Some months earlier I had dispatched a preliminary expedition in charge of a Peruvian named Nuñez, but, as grave rumours of fights with savages and other difficulties had reached me, I thought it advisable to go down myself to see how the land lay, and at the same time to take some rice—the staple food on such journeys—and other articles of which Nuñez might be in need.

I had been employing a number of Japanese road-makers, and that work completed, I turned them into canoe-men. They had cut out two good canoes for me from cedar tree-trunks growing by the river-bank, and now, to the number of eight, the Japanese were awaiting my arrival. Some days before setting out, one of them came into my office—three days' ride from road-head—stood up to attention, and bowed that short, polite, yet not servile bow

which only the Japanese are masters of; then, without a word, he handed over a small leather case with his Yokohama address written on it both in Roman and Japanese characters. The box contained his medal for the Russo-Japanese War, and was to be guarded in the office safe whilst he was away on his perilous expedition with me. If he did not answer to the roll-call on our return, he explained, then this one thing he prized above all others, this symbol of his honour, was to be sent to his family in Japan.

After this it will seem strange to the reader to learn that most of my Japanese, as indeed the great bulk of the thousands of Japanese emigrants in Peru, had left their country to avoid conscription.

As we were preparing to embark I saw a tiny "dug-out" crawling up the river. In the boat was a Chunchu savage, paddling—he had no strength to pole—with obvious difficulty. He was dressed in a spotted cotton shirt like a night-gown, that some savage tribes make from cotton they cultivate. As he drew into the bank I noticed that a horde of flies and mosquitoes surrounded him—a sure sign of a bad wound. We had to lift him out of the canoe, and then we saw a great bullet-wound in his neck, a hole into which one could almost put one's fist. We washed the wound at once, and I poured into it a tablespoonful of creoline—the only antiseptic I had. This latter operation must have hurt our savage friend a good deal, but he was plucky, and hardly winced under it. Then we bound him up and laid him in a little grass hammock, with a cigarette to cheer him whilst some rice was being boiled for him. When he was comfortable I chatted to him as best I could in the Chunchu tongue. This language is very simple, and its vocabulary is minute. "Chapi-chapi," for instance, means dinner, all other meals, and all kinds of food and feeding; "tasa-tasa," hunting, bows and arrows, and so on.

The savage was, it appeared, chief of a small tribe living lower down the Inambari. One night they were attacked by savages from another river, a tribe armed with rifles. The women

and children were carried away in the enemy's canoes, and all the men killed, save our friend, who was given up for dead. He had lain a day and a night in hiding, still as death, for fear of the enemy's return, and had then crawled up the river in a small canoe that had been hidden in the jungle. When he arrived at Puerto Leguia the poor wretch had not tasted food for three days. He had been too weak to hunt or to spear fish, the savage method of fishing.

I left my personal servant, a half-breed Peruvian, in charge of the camp at Puerto Leguia. He was a married man with a family, so I would not take him on my risky canoe expedition. I told him to give the savage food, and to look after the poor fellow until he could make the three days' journey to our main camp, where we had a dispensary. On my return to headquarters a month afterwards, I found the savage there, being tended by my Austrian mule-and-man doctor and getting on nicely. A few days after my arrival, however, and before the wound was healed, the Chuncho walked away into the forest and disappeared, without a word of good-

which I named *Chaquimayo*, after our headquarters; and four Japanese in a smaller canoe that I christened *Yokohama*, out of compliment to its crew. The name pleased them and fired their enthusiasm to such an extent that they kept pace throughout with my own better-built and better-manned boat. The Japanese and the half-breeds were by no means on good terms with each other when I arrived. The half-breeds always try to treat the Japanese as inferiors, whereas the contrary is really the case. Thus I had my work cut out to secure the harmony necessary for good canoe work. As a matter of fact, had not I, a white man, been present, I believe either race would have done its best to drown the other.

My converse with the half-breeds was in Spanish, and with the Japanese in a mixture of Spanish, Chuncho, and English. One man, Tachawada, acted as my faithful servant throughout the expedition, in addition to working hard with the paddle in the daytime and assisting with the cooking in the evening.

We paddled along easily with the six-knot



[Frenz a]

The wounded Chuncho savage at Puerto Leguia.

[Photograph.

bye or thanks. Such is their way. Two months later he turned up again, two of his womenfolk with him. He had found his way through the jungle to where his enemy's camp was, had done some quiet knifing in the dark, and, as he smilingly informed us, here were his two wives!

Just before midday I gave the order to embark. Four Japanese, three half-breeds, my dog Bunny, and myself went in the large canoe,

current for a mile, until we came to the junction of the Marcopata River with the Inambari. Here the latter river bends sharply to the right between a wide rock canyon. Glorious woods cover the hillsides, coming to an abrupt end on the black rock eighty feet above the river. We passed swiftly through the gorge and heard ahead the roar of a rapid. We were, of course, bootless and trouserless in the canoes, and



ready for emergencies; our food-tins and kit tied by wire either to the cedar-wood sides or else to rubber bags that would float if we capsized.

The river was at its lowest, consequently the rapids were at their worst. In the wet season, with a twenty-foot rise of water-level, all the rapids disappear.

It was but a few moments after we had heard the grinding sound of the river rushing over the stones of the rapids, and had seen the rough

the beach ends the two channels meet and dash into each other, making waves several feet high until the next bend of the river is reached. There the main body of water shoots up against the river-bank, and is thrown off again in a circular swirl that forms a whirlpool. Dependent on the force and volume of the rapid are the width and depth and danger of the whirlpool that always succeeds it.

When my crew were ready at their stations, all save the "popero," or steersman, leaped



*From a*

The junction of the Marcopata and the Inambari Rivers.

*[Photograph]*

water ahead, that we bumped on to the shallows. We at once jumped into the water, tugging, lifting, and pulling the canoe along over the stony beach. The shallow water, with its rushing along at twelve or fifteen knots an hour, helped us greatly, though at the same time it cut our feet and legs about with the stones and boulders dislodged in its headlong course.

We dragged the boats for fifty yards to the end of the shallows, and then stood ready for the critical moment of embarkation. Round the sides of a rapid-beach there are generally two narrow channels into which the main volume of the river is compressed, with the result that those channels are a seething, surging mass of water in which no canoe can live. Where

back into the canoe and grasped their paddles. A second later the "popero" (a Japanese), who had been steadying the boat whilst we got in, pushed it off the end of the beach and jumped on to the stern just as the force of water shot us into the waves of the main stream. Orders were now unnecessary. Every man's eye was centred ahead, and our muscles were strained to breaking-point in the great effort to paddle an absolutely true course through the swirling water. A very slight deviation from the straight, and we should at once be broadside on to the waves and overturned in the mad rush of water, to be dragged on to the whirlpool and eternity.

We managed to keep our course, notwithstanding that the water surged over us, half



From a]

Paddling down the Inambari.

[Photograph.

swamping the boat. We were no sooner out of the worst of the waves than we were shooting round the edge of the whirlpool, where another great effort had to be made to counteract the sucking force that was pulling us to its fatal centre. We passed safely, however, and were able to beach the canoe so as to empty the water out and rest a moment before facing the next rapid. We were sorry to find that our supply of sugar had been washed overboard. This was an uncomfortable loss to the expedition, as was later on the loss of our salt in similar circumstances.

During that day and the next we had more than fifty rapids and whirlpools to pass in our journey down the Inambari. The swiftness of the river, however, was such that each operation lasted but a very few minutes. The sensation of excitement has not been equalled by anything else I have known in life. Quickness of eye and a habit of decision are soon acquired in such canoe journeys, where failure to grasp a situation and to act at once will assuredly spell death.

We saw a good deal of animal life in our progress down the river. At one time it would



The two canoes on the Inambari—"Banny," the Author's dog, concerning whom he tells some interesting stories, is seen in the foreground. [Photograph.

be a number of otters swimming and bobbing about ahead. At another a drove of wild pigs or tapirs would draw a stray shot from us. "Sambo" monkeys would scream from the tree-branches, wild hens would cackle, and every now and then, when we landed, we would see tracks of tigers and pumas.

All the time the great heat and glare of the tropics beat down upon us. My dog Bunny suffered greatly, and I had constantly to dash water on his head. Each time we landed to empty water from the canoe poor Bunny would rush into the nearest brush to bury himself for a moment in the cool leaves of the forest. On our journey upstream on the way back, by the way, the faithful animal was instrumental in saving our lives.

At a certain point in the Inambari there are two bad rapids, with but two hundred yards of ordinary river to separate them. We had laboriously hauled our canoe up and over the stones and boulders of the first, and poled it up the fast current to the second, when we had again to take to the water, which was flowing over the falls at some fifteen knots an hour. On arriving at last at the deep water above the rapid, we leaped into the boat, grasped our punt-poles, and poled away for dear life towards the bank and shallow water, where we could make better progress.

Whether it was that the river above this particular rapid was exceptionally deep or more than usually swift, I cannot well say; perhaps both. At any rate, when we had, with great difficulty, poled some hundred yards against the current, we thought from the way the stream cut by our bow that we were making fair head-way. Suddenly we were startled by Bunny's jumping up from the bottom of the canoe, where he had been lying on the top of our cargo, and there giving tongue to a death-howl. Anyone who has heard a dog's cry in face of imminent death will be able to realize the effect Bunny's action had on us.

The dog's instinct had drawn our attention to the fact that, in spite of our apparent progress, we were in reality slipping backwards to the falls again. In their excitement the Japs began yelling orders in Japanese, and the half-breeds in Spanish and Quechua. I knew we stood no chance if there was confusion, so, snatching my revolver from its case, which was tied to the canoe side, I threatened to shoot the first man who spoke. The necessary silence was unbroken, save for Bunny's unearthly howls. I recognized that, as we had no time to turn the canoe to go down bow foremost, all our efforts must be used to shoot the rapids in the position we were—that is, stern forward, and that we must

paddle hard backwards to prevent our being swung down broadside on. We had no time to reach a shallow part of the rapids, where we could have jumped as usual on to the beach, but must take our chance among the waves of the deeper water.

In less than a minute from Bunny's first warning we were in the rapids. Bunny, probably over-frightened by the roar and rush, tried to leap off the canoe. I risked my paddle for a moment and grabbed him just in time, throwing him head downwards against the thwarts, where he lay stunned for some while after. The canoe sides were awash, but nevertheless we managed to get through safely into the short reach of fairly smooth water that separated us from the next danger-zone.

It would have been impossible to avoid a capsized, stern on and full of water as our boat was, had we been carried on to the second falls. We therefore strained every muscle to paddle into the bank. We had the best part of a hundred yards to cut across, and all the time were being dragged on towards the next rapids. We were almost on top of them when we reached jumping depth, and were thus enabled to haul the canoe safely ashore. I then bathed Bunny's head, and he was soon all right again.

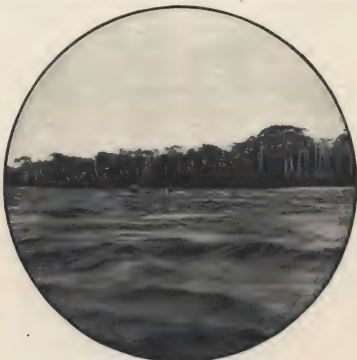
But let me return to our downward journey. About three in the afternoon, as we were paddling easily down a peaceful reach of the river, a volley of rifle-shots spattered on the water round us from the jungle, fortunately without effect.

The rumours we had heard before setting out of trouble between our advance expedition and the savages at once came to our minds. However, we shouted that we were friends, and asked our assailants to come out of the wood and talk to us. Their reply was a fresh volley of bullets. I preferred a fight on the river-bank, where we might be able to take cover and fire back, to being picked off, helpless in the canoes, by an invisible enemy, so I gave the order to paddle into the farther bank. My men's blood was up, and they were anxious to retaliate. We had half-a-dozen Winchesters with us, but I did not see that any advantage was to be gained by wasting our small stock of ammunition upon an enemy we could not see. I therefore forbade my party to fire, and beached the canoes. I made the men lie down behind them, ostensibly to rest, but really to take advantage of the cover thus provided. Then I took Tachawada, my servant, and another Japanese up the beach a short way, and collected firewood.

Our attackers from over the river had now ceased firing, and were evidently waiting for our next move. We brought the firewood down

to the safe side of the canoe and boiled water for tea. It had occurred to me that our enemy might have mistaken us for another party—as afterwards proved to be the case—and that if they saw us peacefully cooking they might not further molest us. The plan worked out as I anticipated, and had the further advantage of instilling a little confidence and courage into the half-breeds, who had become very excited when under fire. Tea over, we set out again downstream, and were left alone by the enemy.

and sores, and likely to die if they came on with my expedition. I therefore sent them back in their canoe to read-head, and added Nuñez and the other two men to my party. In view of his object in coming up the river, he was not a very desirable companion to us, and I had some little trouble with the Japanese and others who wanted to leave the "Jonah" to his fate alone. Naturally I could not accede to this inhuman request, consequently Nuñez came into my canoe next to me, where he would be fairly safe



From a

The canoe "Yokohama" in rough water below a rapid.

[Photograph.

We had not gone far before we saw a small canoe with six men in it being slowly poled upstream. We recognized Nuñez and some half-breeds of our advance expedition. Of course, we repaired to the bank for a pow-wow. Nuñez, I may say, had been away in the rivers for six months. It appeared that he was on his way upstream to hunt up a small tribe of fifteen savages to whom he had given guns and food so that they should act as canoe crews on his journeys. The savages had taken all Nuñez had offered them, and then cleared away in the night. They were evidently the men who had just before fired on me. I expect they thought at first that I was Nuñez on their track.

Three of Nuñez's men were sick with fever

from any unfortunate "accident" my men might otherwise bring about.

At five o'clock, half an hour before sundown, we made camp for the night on a high beach some thirty yards from the water's edge. I told off my party into squads, one to chop firewood, another to cut bamboo poles for the cooking triangles, and a third to suspend a canvas sheet that I intended to use as a rain shelter for myself. Still another gang was ordered to unload the canoes and make all secure for the night. Then a Japanese I had appointed cook boiled the dinner, which that night consisted of rice, plantains, and turtle eggs. The plantains we had taken from a deserted plantation of the savages we had lately passed; the turtle

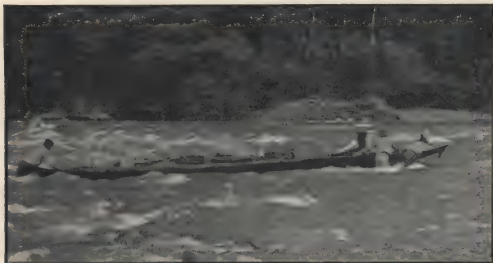
eggs we had dug up from a sandy beach during the day. Our meal was washed down by tea, salt and sugar being, alas! as already related, a minus quantity, owing to our difficulties in the rapids.

I chewed my meal, plate in hand and walking about. If I stayed in one spot a minute a hungry horde of biting flies, mosquitoes, and large red ants would devour me and my food. After dinner, in which I took good care that Bunny should participate, though he did not relish the fare any more than I did, I made the round of the camp, and arranged for watches to be kept beside the canoes, in case the savages came on us, or the river rose with a freshet. Then I saw to it that the fire should be kept up all night to keep off prowling jaguars, and finally I crept into the comfort of my mosquito net, the faithful Bunny lying on the ground at my side, and Tachawada—though unbidden—at my feet.

The steaming mist that rose from the river and the mud-flats just below our camp was being swept away by a rising wind as I fell asleep. I was, however, soon awakened by

know this part of the tropics, the rain presently changed to hail. My canvas shelter stood the wind and the rain well, but the force of the hail was too much for it, and soon a stream of water filtered through my cover on to me, Tachawada, and Bunny. The palm-leaf shelters that the men had rigged up for themselves also gave way before the hail, so we were a pretty miserable camp. However, the storm passed and left a bright moon in its place. Wet as we were, we slept, worn out with fatigue, but we were fated not to slumber for long. Bunny was the next disturber. Suddenly he leaped up, barking loudly, and ran towards the canoes. In a moment the whole camp was aroused. I grabbed my rifle, which was always close at hand, pushed open my mosquito net, and followed the dog. The two Japanese guards were before me, shooting at a dark mass by the side of the canoes.

Of course, our first thought had been savages, come to take the canoes away and then kill us at their leisure. The dark mass disappeared into the jungle that came to the water's edge,



*From a*

Hauling one of the canoes through a rapid by main strength.

*[Photograph.]*

a blinding flash of forked lightning, followed by a great thunderclap close at hand. The forest trees near by sighed in the hot wind, and then, with a rush, came the rain. Not rain in drops, not pouring rain, but great sluices of water that seemed as if they were released from some huge dam—in fine, the rain that one only sees (and feels) in the tropics.

As though by magic the air cooled, and, shivering, I drew my damp blanket over me. Curious as it may seem to those who do not

and proved by the moonlight to be nothing more dangerous than a tapir that had strolled down to drink in the river.

After this alarm we slept again till about five o'clock, when the first flush of dawn showed in the east. The various squads set about their tasks of cooking and camp-clearing, whilst I had a dip in the mist-enveloped river. My bathe was not without adventure, for I had to tell off two men to splash round me with poles to scare away alligators. Again, as I came out of the

water, close to the jungle, I just missed treading on a large snake that had swum across the river. One of the men smashed its head in with a pole, fortunately just in time to prevent an angry bite.

Tea and rice and a piece of fish that Tachawada had caught and toasted over the fire were then eaten by us all, including Bunny, and we were ready for the day's journey soon after sun-up.

The Inambari here began to widen out, often to a mile, with large islands and beaches inter-

palo" (tree-trunk), and we would see ahead of us a slight ripple of water, or perhaps a twig or small branch swaying against the stream. The twig would be part of a great submerged tree. If our cedar canoe, making its six knots an hour, were to knock against it, the little craft would split open like an egg. One of the canoes of the advance expedition had been lost in this way, and two men drowned.

Near the mouth of the Inambari the whole width of the river is covered with tell-tale



Another view on the Inambari—The hills seen in the distance are the last spurs of the Andes.

*From a Photograph.*

spacing the water. The hilly country was passed and the last spur of the great Andes left behind. Illimitable tracts of flat, forest-covered land now bordered the river-banks, to continue uninterrupted for four thousand miles along the Amazon basin to the Atlantic.

It was in these wide and slower-flowing reaches that another danger became increasingly imminent—that of sunken trees. In the deeper and faster-flowing upper river the banks are high, and therefore not often inundated. But few trees are carried away by the river, and when they fall they are generally forced swiftly downstream to the shallower and more sluggish water of the lower reaches, where the soft river-bed affords them a resting-place.

I had our keenest-eyed man standing up in the bow of my canoe, and all of us assisted him when we could. A cry would come of "palo-

ripples. We were hard put to it to pilot our swift little boat through the danger-zone, and the fact that we saw alligators basking on the mud-banks at the lower end of the river did not increase the attractions of an upset. In the rapids we were not likely to meet with these wide-mouthed beasts, and we were therefore fairly comfortable whilst hauling the canoes over the beaches. We had some narrow escapes from rayas, however, and a Jap had his leg badly cut by one. The raya is a large flat-fish with two spiked knives in its long tail. As the raya swims by in a shallow rapid it swishes its nasty tail about. If a leg or body be within range, the owner suffers painful damage.

Towards evening we neared the great Madre de Dios River, into which the Inambari flows. Just before the junction the latter river divides into two arms, with an island some two miles



long in between. The right arm, which is usually the safer for navigation, was at the time of our arrival impassable, owing to the recent and excessive drought that had caused the formation of perilous rapids. We had, in consequence, to take the wide left arm, down which the main volume of the river was then flowing.

The reader can imagine the enormous force of water that was being shot into the Madre de Dios, when he realizes that the Inambari at its left arm junction was three hundred yards wide, perhaps thirty feet in depth, and flowing at six knots an hour. This great mass of water met the Madre de Dios, itself four hundred yards wide here, at a right angle. The current of the Inambari being faster than the Madre de Dios, the former river cut its way through the latter, right across to the farther bank. There the Inambari was thrown back, and surged round in

near its mouth.) The circles of seething water curled inwards and downwards, screw-fashion, to their centre, which appeared as a great hole, at least six feet below the level of the outer rim.

Towards evening our party had become so accustomed to great danger and perilous risks during that day and the previous one that we were somewhat callous as to the value of life. All of us had lived a long time in forest country, and the desperate chances we had had to take had made us—temporarily, at any rate—fatalistic as to our future. When I say, therefore, that shortly before sundown we were but two hours away from our permanent trading station, with its huts and food supplies, near the mouth of the Inambari, and that we were all worn out with fatigue, the reader will perhaps understand why the whole party was eager to finish



"Fishing" in the Inambari.—They exploded a stick of dynamite in the water and then dived for the fish killed by the charge.

*From a Photograph.*

a huge circle two hundred yards in diameter, to join up again with the water flowing to the bank. The whirlpool thus formed was probably one of the largest in the world. (I have purposely used the past tense in this description, as the course of the Inambari is constantly changing

this stage of the journey without camping out another night. In fact, we decided to cross the great whirlpool by moonlight.

In the daytime the passage would be of great danger, and in our desperate frame of mind we thought a little greater risk would not matter.

The half-breeds said, "Lo que ha de ser, no puede faltar" (That which has to be cannot fail to occur). We relied on skimming round a section of the outer rim and leaping out of the canoe at a certain spot where there was a submerged sandbank, known to some of the Japanese. If we lighted on this bank, we could drag the canoe out of the vortex and set it in fairly safe water in the main stream of the Madre de Dios. If we were carried past the shallows, however, then it was the end for us all.

We waited just before the junction of the

scene. Never shall I forget that moment! Slowly we won our footing and our canoe was pulled into safety.

I may say that the small canoe *Yokohama* awaited our safe passage before itself shooting the whirlpool, our boat pointing a sure mark for its course.

Half an hour later we arrived at Puerto Alianza, our little trading post, and there enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in log huts, fairly secure from rain, though not free from the inevitable mosquitoes and "manta blancas," or "white-



From a)

Cooking the midday meal of plantains and rice.

[Photograph,

two rivers until the moon shone clearly and free from clouds, saw to it that our cargo was well stowed, and then paddled out into mid-stream. A minute later and our canoe was caught in the outer circle and swung round, all of us straining our paddles to breaking-point to keep the bow from the ring of death. As luck would have it, a dark cloud obscured the moon at this critical moment, and so it was in almost complete darkness that we approached the spot where we must jump or die. A shout and a splash, and my trusty Japanese look-out man was in the water up to his neck, wrenching and tugging to hold back the canoe. In a trice I was after him, and, being a tall man, got a firmer hold. The rest of the crew quickly followed.

For several minutes it seemed as if the suction would prove too much for us. On the one side were we desperate men, hauling and pulling for our lives; on the other, the wild force of untamed Nature doing its utmost to drag us over the line of life in this great tug-of-war. Whilst we were struggling, the storm-clouds swept by and left the moon lighting up the

hoods," a species of particularly hungry fly that infests the Madre de Dios.

We had been fortunate in our journey, as no lives had been lost. It is very rare that expeditions going up or down the Inambari in the dry season do not lose some men.

Shortly before my party a Peruvian trader had started out on rafts with a number of men, a hundred and thirty goats, and considerable supplies of food, to trade for rubber. A third of the men were lost, the whole of the cargo, and all but forty-six of the goats. My own assistant, Nuñez, who later on set up on his own account as a trader, was drowned in a whirlpool with three of his men on his very next voyage down the river. In the wet season, though, when rapids and whirlpools are not nearly so dangerous, the risks are not so great.

The day after my arrival at Puerto Alianza I set off, accompanied by three Japanese, three half-breeds, and Bunny, in a small canoe to journey up the Madre de Dios. The strange scenes I witnessed on this voyage I shall describe in my last article.

(To be concluded.)

# A Close Call.

TOLD BY J. V. RYAN AND SET DOWN BY PAUL TRENCH.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS SOMERFIELD.

What happened to a young "tenderfoot" on a ranch in Colorado.

**I**N the spring of 1912 I had business in Toronto, Canada. I stayed at the King Edward VII. Hotel, in Adelaide Street East, and here I became acquainted with a Mr. J. V. Ryan, a young man of about twenty-three. He told me the following story, which I am convinced is absolutely true, as I have the utmost confidence in him.

I went to the States in the early part of 1911, and after some knocking about in the West secured employment at Libby, McNeill's ranch B24, near the North Forks of the Concho River, in Colorado. Everything went along all right until February, 1912, when a party of us were sent out about fifty miles from the ranch on outpost duty for a round-up turn. Here some of us "struck-lucky" at a small stream where we went to wash up, for in the sand we found a deposit of gold-dust.

We promptly took possession of a deserted miners' camp in the neighbourhood, and Tom May and I, who for a long time had been the best of chums, installed ourselves in one of the old shacks.

Although Tom and I had been good friends in the past, we had not been gold-seeking long before I decided to quit him, for he had become an habitual drunkard. Accordingly, after a few words, I went to a rickety hut near the stream and made it as home-like as possible, leaving May in possession at the first shack.

I had spent a hard day in the washings, and was returning home, well satisfied with my siftings, when, just as I got to my door, I saw the whole population of the little camp rushing towards my shack. I stood still waiting, wondering what on earth was the matter. They came on shouting, and when they were quite near one of the foremost caught sight of me at the door.

"There he is!" he yelled. "That's him! Some on ye get round to the back, or he'll give us the slip. Come out like a man, you scoundrel, and face the music!"

"Shut up your jaw, Jim, and let me tell him what we want him for," interrupted another man. Then, turning towards me, he said, sternly, "Ryan, you're accused of stealing Tom May's bit o' dust, and there's men here who say they can prove it. Now, be a man and own up. Give Tom back his dust, and the boys won't be too hard on ye. But if you don't, I'll not say as we won't give you a drop too much."

I was utterly astounded by the charge. Tom May and I had lived comfortably together until his habit of coming home drunk every night had caused a bitter quarrel between us, and then, as related, we had separated. Tom still lived in the hut, and

I had gone to my present abode. I was so astonished by the accusation that for a moment I could not answer. My hesitation was my undoing. Before I could recover myself I found the half-drunken crowd surging round me, and in less than a minute I was a prisoner in their



Mr. J. V. Ryan, the Narrator of this remarkable story.

From a Photograph.

hands. The leader of the mob shouted to those who held me to be gentle, as I was to be tried there and then.

After a lot of confusion, everybody shouting and nobody listening, a man named Rafferty took a stand on my barrow outside the door and managed to attract the attention of the mob by firing his revolver in the air a few times. Then he started to give them some directions in respect to the constitution of a "Judge Lynch" court.

"You, O'Hagan, and you, Leboss, take the men aside and choose twelve as a jury," he

much of his findings in drink, whereas I had saved all mine, for I had in my mind's eye a girl and a cottage away in Glencree, County Wicklow. I knew the temper of the fellows. Maddened by the vile stuff called, aptly enough, "rot-gut" whisky, they were in no condition to weigh any evidence for or against me. I felt quite sick, for I was certain that the full penalty for what they considered a capital offence would be exacted.

Presently the searchers inside the shack gave a shout, and in another moment they appeared in the doorway, Tom's cousin holding up to



ordered. "We'll give him a fair trial. In the meantime, let Thompson, Reynolds, and May go into Ryan's shack and search for the dust. You, May, are a relative of Tom's, so be careful in your work."

I was soon tied to a tree close by my door, and the jury, quickly chosen, were only waiting the result of the search. I knew that under the rough planking of my hut, close beside my cot, there was a substantial bag of gold-dust. Tom May had had an equal chance with me in seeking and washing the dust, but he had spent

view a canvas bag, which I knew held my savings.

"Look here, boys!" he shouted. "Here is the very bag which poor Tom showed me only last night, when he paid me my winnings."

"Where is Tom?" asked somebody. And the crowd took up the question, "Aye, where's Tom?"

A hush fell on the mob for a moment. Then the cry was heard on every side.

"Where's Tom May? Go and bring him. Tom! Tom May! Where's Tom?"

Everybody asked the question, but no one could answer it.

Once more Rafferty mounted the barrow, and soon had the crowd listening to him.

"Jim, you and Leboss go over to Tom's shack and fetch him," he said. "He should be here as principal witness, anyhow. This court can't go on without him."

Jim Rafferty, then, was to be my judge. That meant little chance for me, for I had given Rafferty a well-merited thrashing some few days previously for an insult of a gross nature, and I knew that he hated me.

Soon the messengers came back with the news that Tom was not to be found. After a while it was decided to put me down in a vile hole in the vicinity, and to keep me there until such a time as Tom could be found.

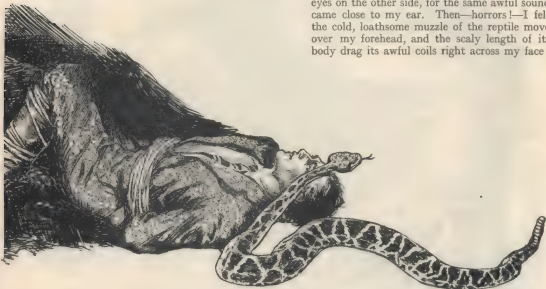
Some of the drunken brutes were for an immediate execution, but the "judge" ruled them out of order, and I was accordingly dragged

dead with pain. My head ached terribly; I felt as if it were going to burst. After a few hours of this awful agony I became unconscious, and when I came to myself I fancied I was in a saloon where they were throwing dice, for I could hear the rattle.

"Good heavens!" had almost escaped my lips, but my eyes just then caught a sight that paralyzed my tongue. I had heard a rattle right enough, one of the most deadly that ever struck on a human ear. It was the awful signal of the diamond rattlesnake.

Coiled at my side, with its ugly head poised and its eyes shining like points of fire, was a full-grown rattler. Every movement of its writhing coils gave rise to the awful sound that had roused me. As in a trance I watched the swaying of its head, and wondered where it would strike. The cords had numbed my body, but I wondered if the reptile would notice the drops of cold sweat which dripped off my face.

But here I was compelled to turn my starting eyes on the other side, for the same awful sound came close to my ear. Then—horrors!—I felt the cold, loathsome muzzle of the reptile move over my forehead, and the scaly length of its body drag its awful coils right across my face!



"I felt the scaly length of its body drag its awful coils right across my face!"

to a dismal old tunnel, leading Heaven only knows where, and, securely bound, thrown a few yards within its foul depths. They placed a guard at the entrance, and left me, bound hand and foot, lying on my back on the damp floor.

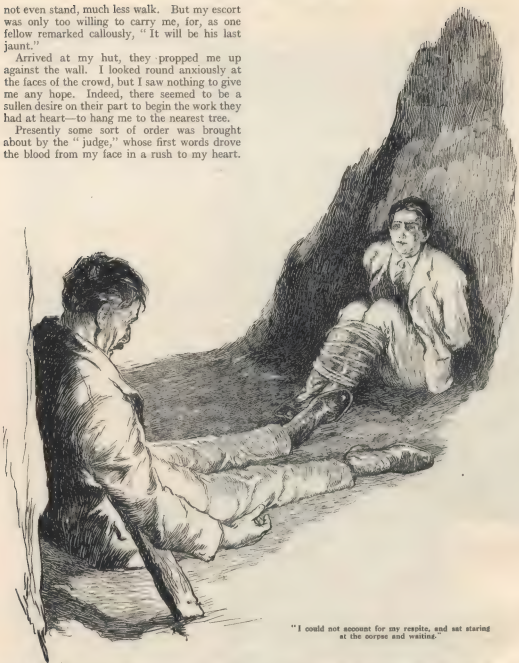
Out there in Colorado there is no twilight, and suddenly it became dark as pitch. I could not sleep, for the wretches who tied me up had drawn the ropes so tightly as to stop the circulation from my knees down, and my hands felt

In a moment the place was alive with sound; I seemed to be in a nest of the creatures. The sight was so unnerving that I lost consciousness, and it is a mercy that it so happened. When I again knew anything about the world it was daylight. The sound that had awakened me was caused by the entrance of four men, who dragged me to my feet and, cutting the rope which bound my legs, told me to follow. No matter how willing I might be to obey, I could

not even stand, much less walk. But my escort was only too willing to carry me, for, as one fellow remarked callously, "It will be his last jaunt."

Arrived at my hut, they propped me up against the wall. I looked round anxiously at the faces of the crowd, but I saw nothing to give me any hope. Indeed, there seemed to be a sullen desire on their part to begin the work they had at heart—to hang me to the nearest tree.

Presently some sort of order was brought about by the "judge," whose first words drove the blood from my face in a rush to my heart.



"I could not account for my respite, and sat staring at the corpse and waiting."

Had I not been leaning against the hut I should have fallen.

"Citizens," he shouted, "there's little use in my telling you what you all know well by this

time. You have seen with your own eyes the dead body of poor Tom May——"

Here I became faint, and two rough fellows came to my assistance.



"The prisoner not only did that meanest of mean acts—robbed his pard," went on the "judge," "but he now has to answer the charge of murder as well."

Here he had to draw a gun and threaten the crowd, who hung back as he proceeded.

"Jack Ryan, you are charged with murder and robbery. What have you to say in your defence?"

All I could do, of course, was to deny any knowledge of the imputed crimes, and the "judge" then told the crowd how, at a late hour at night, a party, searching for Tom May, had come across his body lying near the hut I occupied, hidden in a dense mass of underbush. He had been dead for some hours, and the opinion of everyone present, said Rafferty, would back his own as regarded the person who had killed him.

"What say you, citizens? Is the prisoner guilty?" he concluded.

With a mighty shout the crowd answered, "Guilty!"

When the noise had died down the "judge" proceeded complacently.

"Wall, boys, take him to that tree yonder and finish him. That's the sentence of this here court."

I was more overcome by the news of Tom's death than by the knowledge that my own life was forfeited. But just here, for some reason or other, a halt was called in the proceedings. There was a whispered confab between the "judge" and a few of the leaders, and the result was that I was taken back to the cave and placed in the same position as before.

Quietness seemed to have settled down on the camp, for no sound save the tramp, tramp of my guard disturbed the stillness of the place. I begged the sentry to place me outside, telling him of my experience with the snakes, but he was hard as stone, and would not listen to me.

Wearied out in mind and body, I soon fell asleep, in spite of my fears. I was awakened, by the sound of footsteps, and, looking up, I saw at the entrance four men, who carried on their shoulders the dead body of Tom May!

Entering, they placed the corpse in a sitting position opposite to where I sat, leaning against the opposite wall. The face was cruelly distorted, and gave ample indication of a horrible end. There was no visible sign to indicate the manner of his death, and failing any tangible

proof of how he had died, the men had fastened their suspicions on me.

I could not account for my respite, and sat staring at the corpse and waiting.

Night came at last, and then, to make the face of my supposed victim more plain, the wretches placed two lamps in such a position that I lay in obscurity, while the corpse showed up in all the ghastliness of death.

One thing I felt thankful for—the snakes avoided the light, and I was not molested.

In spite of the horrors of my position I slept well, and next morning, much to my surprise, I was conducted to my own hut, and told that I was to be closely guarded until the authorities at Fort Henderick could be communicated with.

At about noon on the day following my watch with the corpse of Tom May, there arrived in camp a detachment of twenty troopers, led by a Captain Morrington. The whole circumstances were placed before him, and the soldiers formed three sides of a square, with the captain on its fourth side. I stood between two soldiers, while the witnesses were collected in a group at the right of the officer.

Evidence as to the finding of the body was given by those who discovered it. The captain asked to see the spot. He and two soldiers went to the back of my hut, and one of them crept into the bush to see the exact spot.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet, giving one startled cry—"Rattlers!" Everybody got as far away as possible, and the captain, returning to the group of men, demanded to see the body. He glanced at it and then turned towards the crowd.

"You are a lot of hot-headed fools!" he said. "Anyone with eyes can see that the man died of snake-bite."

And so it proved. Tom had gone to hide the gold which he had previously, in a fit of spite, accused me of stealing, and had been bitten by a rattler after doing so. When the bush was burned to clear away the snakes, the place was found to be literally alive with the venomous creatures. Tom's gold was found in a hole which served as an exit from the cave in which I had been confined. The finding of the gold, of course, completely exonerated me, and the men vied with one another in making a fuss of me.

Poor May! In his drunken spite he dug a pit for me, but fell into it himself.

# Ocean Treasure-Trove.

BY  
JAMES G. McCURDY.



The Norwegian steamship "Guzco," whose plucky skipper, declining all assistance, brought his ship back to port unaided, thus saving his owners a very large sum for salvage. [Photograph.]

A case of salvage appeals to the sailor very much in the same way as buried treasure does to the man ashore. In this article Mr. McCurdy deals with some rich rewards earned by plucky salvors for assisting marine unfortunates on the Pacific coast of the United States.

The narrative is illustrated with a number of very striking photographs.



**S**ALVAGE is one of those overworked words with half-a-dozen meanings. In a marine sense it is indiscriminately applied to the act of saving a vessel from the perils of the sea, to the claim entered, and to the final monetary award. On land it is a term which, by common usage, has come to embrace the recovery of goods, of whatever nature, that have been placed in jeopardy.

One thing is certain—there are but few words that awaken keener anticipation in the minds of those who traffic upon the deep than the magic term "salvage" when applied, as it is in this article, to the rescue of vessels floating helpless or abandoned upon the waters. In sea parlance the term has much the same significance as the word "treasure-trove" has ashore.

There are but few mariners who put to sea without the hope that they may some day be fortunate enough to pick up a valuable craft in distress, and share in the resulting salvage award. With that perversity common to human nature, these same mariners would scoff at the suggestion

that their own craft could ever meet with disaster and become a prize for others. At any rate, adequate provision is seldom made to forestall such a contingency, and as a result, if the average vessel meets with a stroke of hard luck, she at once becomes helpless, and eventually a piece of salvage.

Salvage is interesting from a legal standpoint, from the fact that it is probably the only case in law where a person may become liable to a claim upon him for services rendered to his property without his consent, expressed or implied. It also takes priority over all other claims. The amount is determined by the Admiralty Court, and is dependent upon the peril involved, the nature of the service, and the value of the property salvaged.

A curious point of law, long observed, has but little weight to-day in determining salvage awards. This ruling was that as long as any domesticated animal, such as a dog, cat, or pig, remained alive on a derelict, the craft was not called abandoned, and the salvage award was materially affected by the circumstance.



The British barque "Lord Wolsley," which was dismantled in a hurricane—The ship that saved her received eight thousand dollars for her services. (Photograph.)

The origin of this ruling is obscure, but the view probably taken in such a case was that, if the weather conditions had been exceptionally severe after the abandonment of a vessel, all life would have perished before the arrival of the salvors.

Taking into consideration the large number of vessels that annually meet with misfortune upon the sea, one would naturally think it would prove a paying investment to keep a craft constantly cruising about the great centres of shipping on the look-out for ships in distress. It has been found by actual experience, however, that such a proposition is not a remunerative one. Even with a man stationed in the "crow's-nest," the range of vision from a vessel at sea is a scant fifteen miles in any one direction, making but a

minute circle in the midst of the ocean's immensity.

Seeking for a disabled vessel, when her location is not definitely known, is much like the proverbial "hunting for a needle in a haystack." Within recent years as many of the fat salvage prizes along the North Pacific coast have gone to tramp steamers that happened along at the opportune moment as have fallen to the numerous tug-boats that spend much of their time cruising off-shore.

Of the causes that place a vessel in such a predicament that she becomes an object of salvage, first and foremost, of course, must be placed the force of wind and wave. No matter how large the vessel, she can never afford to bid defiance to the elements, for without warning



The "Lord Wolsley," after her conversion into a six-masted barquentine, the only one of her rig afloat. From a Photograph.

something may happen to send her to the bottom or leave her floating, a helpless derelict, upon the face of the waters.

The fate of the *Titanic* is a forcible illustration of this truth. The finest products of the ship-builder's art are but playthings in the grasp of old Ocean in his might, and wood will splinter and steel will snap at his command.

The fine four-masted steel barque *Lord Walseley* had such an experience with the elements several years ago in the North Pacific Ocean, and came out of the ordeal a virtual wreck.

She was approaching the coast when, almost without warning, a howling westerly gale came on. The storm increased to a hurricane, and, although sail was shortened, the force of the wind was such that the fore and main masts and the mizen and jigger topmasts went over the side with their masses of rigging.

For hours the vessel lay helplessly wallowing in the tremendous seas, when, fortunately for all aboard the stricken vessel, the Norwegian steamer *Norman Isles* hove in sight. This vessel took the derelict in tow and got her into Victoria, B.C.

The wrecked craft was laid up for a number of months and then sold to an American company. Forty-one thousand dollars were spent in repairs upon the vessel. When she left the yards she had been converted into a six-masted barquentine, the only one of her rig afloat. Under the name of the *Everett G. Griggs*, the vessel has been making good passages and paying dividends. The *Norman Isles* received eight thousand dollars salvage for her services.

In the winter of 1903 the American barque *Abby Palmer* had a somewhat similar experience in almost the same locality. A storm came on, and the captain began to make everything snug, knowing he had an unlucky vessel under his command; for as the ship *Blairmore* the vessel had capsized in San Francisco some time before, drowning nine of her crew. Repaired and sent to sea again under the name of *Abby Palmer*, her mishaps had been numerous.

In the present instance the gale continued to increase, and the vessel began to roll in the heavy swells. The foremast and main and mizen topmasts went by the board, the crew escaping as if by a miracle when the top-hamper began to rain down upon the decks.

On the morning of November 5th the British tramp steamer *Vermont* steamed up, and, scenting a fat salvage job, took the *Palmer* in tow. Towing the vessel with such a mass of wreckage over the sides proved a tedious task, and, the wind increasing, the hawser snapped, and for hours the vessels were separated.

But the *Vermont* stuck valiantly to her task, and on the evening of the 6th got the *Palmer* into Victoria, B.C. The vessel was "libelled" for twenty-five thousand dollars salvage, but this amount was scaled down to six thousand five hundred dollars by the Admiralty Court.

It often happens that a vessel is so damaged by the sea that she becomes what is known as a "constructive wreck," in which case her salvors receive but a pittance, whereas, had the vessel been but nominally injured, the salvage claim would have run into large figures.

Thus it was in the case of the American ship *William H. Smith*, which became dismasted in a tempest off Gray's Harbour on January 17th, 1911. After her terrible battering by the seas, the *Smith* was anchored in the breakers, to escape a worse fate on the sands. From this position of peril she was released by the tugs *Daring* and *Cudahy*.

The *Smith* was towed into Puget Sound and promptly "libelled" for twenty thousand dollars salvage. Upon survey the vessel was found to be hardly worth repairing, so the salvage suit was compromised for three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The *Smith* was afterwards converted into a floating cannery.

As long as a vessel remains on a comparatively even keel, her crew will usually stand by her to the end; but when she goes over on her beam-ends, and threatens to turn turtle at any moment, the most seasoned seamen become seized with an irresistible impulse to abandon the ship.

When the British barque *Melanope* went over on her beam-ends on December 12th, 1910, in a storm off the Columbia River, the crew worked like demons to shovel the sand ballast back into position, in the endeavour to right the ship. But each hour the vessel careened more frightfully, until it seemed courting certain death to remain longer aboard.

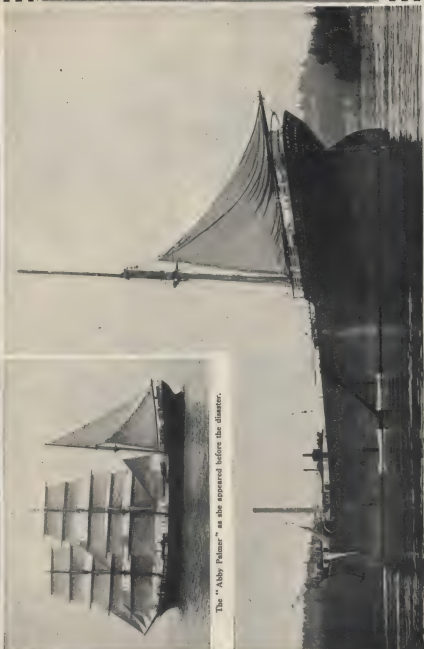
Captain Willis was accompanied by his wife and two daughters, and they, together with the crew, worked their way along the barnacle-covered hull to a place in the small boats. Cut and bruised, and well-nigh exhausted by their terrible experience, they were picked up next morning by a passing schooner and safely landed.

The *Melanope*, strange to say, did not founder, but continued to float until taken in tow by the steam-schooner *Northland* and berthed at Astoria. Like the before-mentioned *William H. Smith*, the *Melanope* was found to be so severely damaged that she was never repaired. She is now ending her days as a barge, and the *Northland* had to be content with a very modest salvage award.

Another vessel that came to grief by reason of the shifting of ballast was the British ship *Pinmore*. Several years ago, while en route from



The "Abby Palmer" as she appeared before the disaster.



The "Abby Palmer" after the storm—Her rescue yielded the salvors over six thousand dollars.  
*From Photographs.*

Mexico to Portland for wheat cargo, she drifted to the northward, and in the heavy sea prevailing the ballast broke loose and threw the vessel over until her rail was awash.

An attempt to right the ship was made by replacing ballast, but the crew were forced to give up the battle through exhaustion. Thinking the vessel doomed, Captain Jamieson and his crew took to the boats. In making a landing in the surf six men were drowned.

The tug-boat *Tyee* came along, and found the

be of service. But she got into difficulties on her own account, and had to sacrifice her anchors and cables to prevent drifting ashore.

At this juncture the *Tacoma*, a staunch tug under the command of Captain H. H. Morrison, appeared upon the scene. A line was, with difficulty, got aboard the *Flotbek*, and, casting off her anchors, the imperilled craft was towed out of her position of jeopardy to a place of safety.

The courts awarded the tug-boat ten thousand dollars for this meritorious rescue, the entire



The American ship "William H. Smith," which was saved by two tugs after a particularly arduous struggle—The vessel was so badly damaged as to be hardly worth repairing, and is now a floating cannery. [Photograph.]

big vessel completely abandoned. She was taken in tow, and, after a hard fight with the elements, was finally docked in Tacoma.

Salvage to the amount of twelve thousand dollars was awarded the *Tyee*.

Fog is answerable for many of the accidents that beset vessels. During the winter of 1900 the German ship *Flotbek* stood in for Cape Flat-tary. In the heavy fog that arose her master became confused, and escaped going ashore only through the rapid letting-go of the anchors.

A westerly gale came on, and soon the vessel was rolling yard-arms under in the gigantic swells. The anchor-chains were stretched like rigid bars of steel, but fortunately held secure.

The steamship *Matteawan* came along, and, like a Good Samaritan of the sea, attempted to

crew, from master down to cabin-boy, participating in the prize-money.

The absence of wind, as well as an overabundance of the same, can cause embarrassment to a shipmaster, as the captain of the Chilean ship *Cavour* found during the winter of 1906. There was little wind at the time, but a tremendous swell was running. The skipper was endeavouring to make the mouth of the Strait of Juan de Fuca unaided, but the wind left him at a critical moment, and he speedily found himself in a rather precarious position.

The tug-boat *Wanderer* came alongside, and her master offered to tow the *Cavour* up the strait for a slight advance over the customary fee. But the master of the *Cavour* was obstinate, and refused the proffered aid.





[Photograph.]

The "Melanope" is low after being abandoned by her crew.

[From a]



*From a*

The British ship "Pinmore" before her accident.

*[Photograph.*



The "Pinmore" as she appeared when picked up abandoned and on her beam-ends—Twelve thousand dollars salvage was awarded to her rescuers.

*From a*

*[Photograph*

Closer and closer the *Cavour* drifted in towards the waiting reefs, the tug-boat captain raising his price every five minutes. The risk becoming greater, the price was advanced twenty dollars every minute. When the fee had soared to twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and there was still no promise of wind, the skipper gave in, accepted the tug's hawser, and was towed to safety.

The photograph of a huge wave rolling in between the *Cavour* and the tug-boat, reproduced on the next page, gives an excellent idea of the size of the seas running at the time.

Lack of suitable food alone is sometimes responsible for a salvage



The German ship "Flotbek," anchored in the breakers—From this perilous position she was rescued by a tug that received ten thousand dollars in salvage.

From a Photograph.

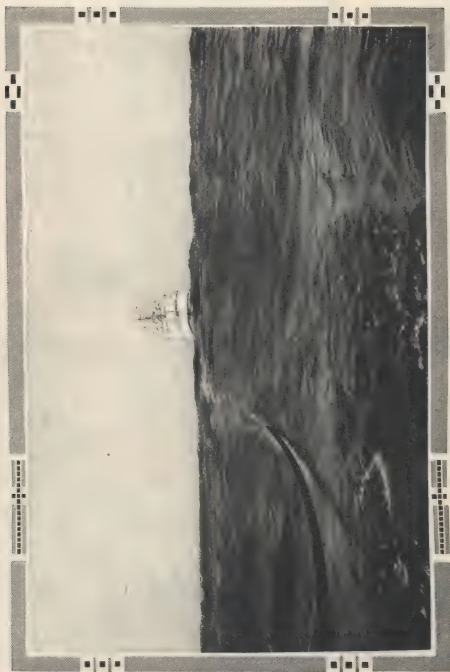
case. In 1905 the French ship *Les Adelphus*, one thousand and ninety-nine tons burden, left Madagascar for Portland, Oregon, in ballast. Being out an unusually long period, her crew became a prey to the dread scurvy. The cook died of the malady, and by the time the vessel approached her destination the whole crew were in the clutches of the fell disease. The vessel drifted to the northward, and, with unkempt sails and rust-encrusted hull, resembled a veritable death ship.

Floating aimlessly about in the fogs, she was picked up by the energetic *Wanderer*. Assistance had to be given to get the hawser aboard, as the scurvy-



The scurvy-stricken French vessel, "Les Adelphus"—She was picked up at sea with all hands incapacitated.

From a Photograph.



[Photograph.]

The "Cavour" in tow. Notice the immense swell running between the tug and the ship.

[From a]

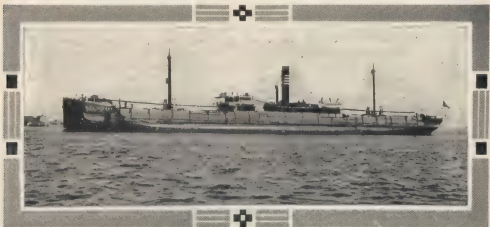
stricken crew lacked the strength. Fresh vegetables and other provisions were furnished the sick men, and the vessel was hurried to the nearest port, where the entire crew were placed in a marine hospital for treatment. The owners of the *Les Adelpus* had to pay a five-thousand-dollar salvage award.

Although immune from accidents to a greater degree than sailing vessels, steamships frequently become disabled through the breaking of machinery. A craft to suffer through the failure of a tail-shaft was the big British turret-steamer *Elm Branch*, the accident occurring about two

Bailey, one of the most capable tug-boat men on the coast, arrived upon the scene. After careful manoeuvring a line was got attached to the disabled craft, and she was extricated from her dangerous berth.

All three steamers put in claims for salvage, and in the end the owners of the *Elm Branch* were out of pocket twenty thousand dollars. The *Tyee*, the only vessel that performed any service worth mentioning, received thirteen thousand dollars of the salvage award.

There are many cases on record where masters of disabled vessels have courageously brought



The British steamer "Elm Branch," which was picked up with her tail-shaft broken—The salvage award was twenty thousand dollars.  
From a Photograph.

hundred miles off the Columbia River. The propeller was lost when the shaft broke.

The vessel carried an extra propeller, but the weather was too rough to permit its being shipped. For days the huge freighter drifted aimlessly about the ocean, a toy for the winds and currents. The steamship *Elihu Thompson* came along and tried to get a hawser aboard, but failed. The collier *Washtenaw* next approached and took the vessel in tow, but could do nothing with the unwieldy craft, and threw up the job in disgust.

The *Elm Branch* continued to drift in towards the coast, and would have gone ashore had not the anchors been put out. Just off the reefs she lay for hours, when finally the tug-boat *Tyee*, under the command of Captain "Buck"

their ships to port, thus saving their owners heavy salvage costs. Take, for instance, the Norwegian lumber-carrier *Cusco*. When the big freighter's deck-load shifted, sending her over, bulwarks under, and jamming her steering-gear so that she was practically unmanageable, numerous vessels approached with offers of assistance, but their services were declined.

Although the vessel had a tremendous list, and was threatening to turn completely over at any moment, her master, by a splendid display of seamanship, wore the ship about, and finally got her back into Puget Sound without the expenditure of one cent for salvage costs. Had he accepted the aid which was literally thrust upon him, his owners would have been called on to pay an enormous salvage award.

# My Last Wolf-Hunt.

TOLD BY ROBERT FAIRLEY AND SET DOWN BY R. P. LINCOLN.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK PATTERSON.

The story of as awkward a predicament as ever man found himself in. It is not surprising that, after his providential escape, Mr. Fairley decided he had had enough of wolf-hunting.



My occupation at the time of this adventure was that of a "wolver." In other words, I was a trapper, whose business it was to keep down the wolves who committed wholesale depredations upon the livestock of the cattlemen, sheepmen, and others who employed me. Besides their payments, I was able to make a good deal of money out of the county and State bounty for the pelts.

The wolf problem has always been one of the utmost concern to the stockman, and in the years gone by it was even more important than it is to-day. Every wolf and coyote in the country means the death of many living creatures, and the wolf's usual subsistence is the livestock of the cattleman or the farmer—some calf separated from its mother and pulled down for a feast in the dark.

Many wolves in a district mean big stock losses; and it therefore pays the cattleman to employ a wolver, or trapper, whose business it is to go over a certain range of country and keep down the wolf population as much as possible.

Several years ago I was working for a man by the name of Brown, who had a ranch about twenty-five to thirty miles north of Culberston, Montana, and was also indirectly in his employ as a wolver. It was part of my duty to go over the range and locate all the wolves possible and kill them off, receiving for same both my wages as a cowboy and the county and State bounty besides. This made quite a tidy bit altogether, and I had no fault to find with Mr. Brown, who was a very good-natured employer.

During the year I am dealing with there were an unusual number of wolves preying upon the livestock, and my services could not well be dispensed with, as it was necessary to wipe out at least some of them, and to destroy certain families of young, thus discouraging the parent wolves, who will always forage far and near to feed their young.

There was a wise old she-wolf that had been notorious in the territory I was covering for many years; her mate was also a very wizard for his cunning.

When a she-wolf has her litter she becomes

extremely daring in her raids for food, and this particular lady was no exception. Right under my nose she carried on her forays, pulling down calves and raiding Mr. Brown's hens till we wondered if she was a wolf or something possessed of superhuman powers.

One morning Brown lost his temper over the animal's depredations, and assured me that if I put an end to her and her litter he would make it well worth my while.

I at once set to work to locate the creature's den—by no means an easy task. Feathers scattered along the wolf's route aided me somewhat in discovering the general direction, and about one o'clock one afternoon I took up my watch behind a hillock with my field-glasses. I swept the whole stretch of country from right to left, and then gradually went over the route again, but it was of no use; there was nothing to be seen. I doggedly kept my place, however, and thereafter at regular intervals covered the plain and its adjacent hillocks, with the result that a couple of hours later I discovered a moving figure far off to the right. Cleaning the glasses I took another look, and saw that it was a wolf loping off in a contented fashion to the left of me in among the hills. I waited until the figure disappeared behind a swell on the plain; and then leaped to my horse and followed as quickly as I could. In due time I reached the small hillock behind which the wolf had disappeared, and, dismounting, crept to the rise. Levelling the glasses, I surveyed the distance and immediate surroundings, but could detect no trace of the wolf. This was interesting, for I had covered the distance between my former look-out and the present point very quickly, so that the wolf could not have gone far.

My idea was that the den was somewhere in the vicinity, and it was with a sigh of satisfaction that I settled down to watch.

It was not until almost four o'clock that, away in the distance, I saw what I took to be another wolf carrying something in its mouth. Nearer and nearer it came, until I saw the animal slow down and walk into a little ravine, where she disappeared. It was now on the verge of twilight, so I returned the field-glasses to the



case and went back to my horse, which I had tied to a bush. I was convinced that the old mother-wolf had her litter of young ones somewhere in there by the ravine, and I determined to attack it the following morning. Returning to the ranch-house in a very satisfied frame of mind, I went to bed without making known to Brown my conviction that I thought I had the furry thieves located. In the morning I told Charles, a fellow-worker on the ranch, that I was going out to bring back a litter of young wolves, and then set out, in an easterly direction, toward the place I had left the previous afternoon. I little knew what was ahead of me; if I had I don't think I should have felt quite so cheerful.

Putting spurs to my horse, I was soon loping over the intervening ground, and presently arrived at the place I had occupied as a look-out the day before. Riding forward, I carefully went over the vicinity and found liberal evidence of former wolfish crimes. At last, under a bank of clay and sand, I found the den itself—a sort of small cavern leading straight down into the bank. There was no evidence of the mother-wolf—or any others, for that matter—but I knew that the young ones were within, and that was sufficient for the present.

Now here is where I made my mistake. I tied my horse to a bush that grew out of the bank directly over the den. This did not appeal to me in my hurry as being of any consequence so far as danger was concerned. The horse was not broken to the business and would shy at wolves; I remembered that once before he had broken away when a dead wolf was thrown in front of him. I noticed now that his nostrils were quivering and his eyes slightly dilated, but this did not influence me to give him anything more than a passing consideration.

Getting down on my hands and knees, I was soon waist-deep in the hole, and presently, still working forward, found I was up to my thighs.

Somewhere in front, in the semi-darkness of the den, I could make out the shapes of the whimpering little wolves. Without waiting, I seized hold of one, wrung its neck, and then, backing out of the hole a bit, I threw it behind me, not knowing in which direction. Then I slid down to my former position to get another. At that moment I heard a great stamping overhead, accompanied by a more or less distinct crash. Next followed the utterly unexpected, for the entire roof of the tunnel crashed down upon me, pinning me fast, and almost smothering me in a cloud of dust, sand, and stones!

What happened during the next few minutes I can hardly recall; it was just a blind attempt

at self-preservation in which I strove with all my might and main to work my way backwards out of the entrance. I soon found, however, that retreat was an impossibility, for the fallen *débris* held me as firmly in place as though I were fettered to a stone wall. One fact, nevertheless, I realized very clearly. My legs, as far as the thighs, were quite free, but from there upwards I was held down by a crushing weight that threatened to press the life out of me.

When I found out that I was trapped I almost lost hope,

for I thought that it would only be a matter of a few moments before I should be smothered to death. When the crash came the sand and dust had covered my hands, arms, and head; but by a Herculean effort I was able to brush this away and free myself up to my shoulders, thus providing a little room to breathe in, though the atmosphere was heavy with the settling dust and the smell of the meat that the mother-wolf had dragged in for the consumption of her young ones, who now lay whimpering, almost frightened to death, in one corner of the cave.

Once again I tried to work my way out backward, putting all my strength into the effort; but, though some of the earth behind me rolled down, I made not an inch of headway. I had



Robert Fairley, who met with the remarkable experience here narrated. (Photograph from a)

my legs free, however, and kicked lustily, but this helped me not at all. There was a solid weight crushing down on my back, though not so heavily but that I could breathe easily. I had feared at first that I should soon be smothered, but strangely, again, as the moments passed I became aware of the fact that the denseness of the atmosphere was not so pronounced. I turned this over in my mind, and the idea struck me presently that there must be another entrance to the cave, through which air could enter. Strain my eyes as I might, however, I could not discern anything that looked like the sign of an opening. There was an outlet for the air, I discovered afterwards—a tunnel about six inches across, evidently the abandoned entrance to a prairie-dog's home, which the wolf had later taken possession of and had made into a den.

As yet I had not thought of how the unexpected accident had occurred, but during one of my thoughtful moments I decided that the horse had been the cause of it. It is pretty certain that when I threw the young wolf out it fell right in front of the horse, or it may even have struck him. Thereupon the animal, already nervous, had wildly broken loose, stamped on the earth above me, tearing the bush up by the roots, and dashed off. His weight, of course, caused the bank to give way. He did not stop on the homeward run, but went straight back to the ranch-house, where he was found at noon by Charles as he rode in from the outlying country. A search for me at once started, for the appearance of the horse, with the bush dangling from the rope, was mightily suspicious. Of this, of course, I had not the least idea; it never occurred to me that the animal would have sense enough to go home. I was constantly in fear that the rest of the bank would come down upon me and finish me off. It was all I could do to keep from stifling in that narrow cavity, and bear the pain that was now stealthily making itself felt throughout my anatomy. Most of the weight came upon my stomach, and it is certain that if I had not been the man I was, with a rugged constitution and a tough set of muscles, the ordeal would have made short shrift of me.

I lay head downwards, at a slant of somewhere about forty-five degrees, a distressing position at the best, and one that allowed of my doing the minimum of work to contrive my escape, for any movement on my part was followed by miniature avalanches of sand and stones that slid down upon my head; moreover, there was nothing solid in front of me upon which I could push. The perspiration stood out on my brow and fairly dripped from my face; yet inwardly I was cold with apprehension and the

dread of my situation. I told myself I was doomed to die by inches in that forsaken spot, out there among the hills too, where nobody ever passed along. Even if some cowboy *did* happen to pass by, what chance had he of finding me, with only my legs sticking out of the hole?

The young wolves were still cowering and whining in their corner, drawing as far away from me as the walls of the narrow cave would allow. I had no fear of them, of course, and I could have killed them all by merely reaching out my hand and wringing their necks; but the very fact that they were alive cheered me and relieved the awful loneliness of my position. I did not feel any enmity towards them now; rather there was a sense of friendliness, and I vowed deep down in my heart that if I ever got out of my plight alive I would never kill another wild animal save in self-defence—a vow that I have kept to this day. Those little wolves helped me to forget my fearful predicament. Extending my hand, I patted one gently on the back. At first the wild creature shivered in fear, but gradually his apprehensions disappeared, and by speaking kindly and gently caressing them I finally calmed their fears.

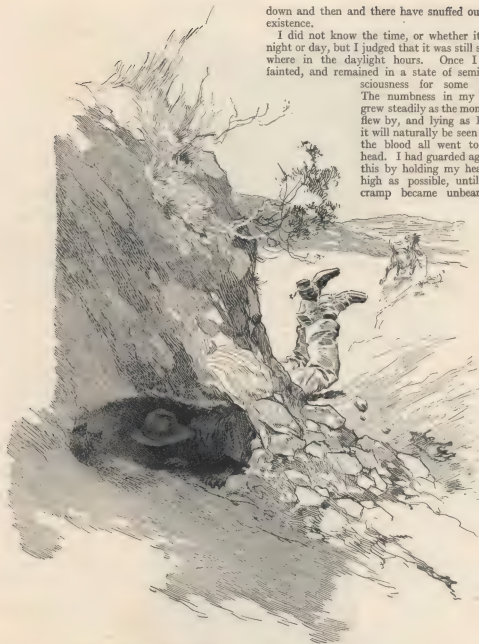
My lungs, luckily, were not cramped, for I was resting with my elbows deep in the accumulated sand before me, thus allowing my chest more freedom in performing its duty; but the air was still so dense that I despaired of lasting very long if there was not some change for the better.

It was during a moment of anxious cogitation that I fell suddenly to thinking of the parent wolves. Supposing they returned, what would they proceed to do when they found me occupying their abode? Would they commence to make a meal of my feet? This was a startling thought, and I could only hope against hope that the evidence of destruction would drive fear into their hearts, and so keep them at a distance. The chance remained, however, that the all-enduring mother-love of the old she-wolf would lead her to attack me.

I do not know how long I had been thinking about this, when, all of a sudden, after what seemed ages of waiting, I felt the soft body of some animal brush by, touching first my right leg, and then the left! I did not know whether to kick out frantically, or remain motionless and take my chances. After a moment of painful consideration I adopted the latter system, and waited with bated breath for the onslaught to commence. But though I waited, nothing happened, and I gradually began to hope again. Evidently the wolf had been frightened, and was awaiting, at a distance, some move on my part. Presently I made another attempt to wriggle

down and then and there have snuffed out my existence.

I did not know the time, or whether it was night or day, but I judged that it was still somewhere in the daylight hours. Once I half fainted, and remained in a state of semi-consciousness for some time. The numbness in my body grew steadily as the moments flew by, and lying as I was it will naturally be seen that the blood all went to my head. I had guarded against this by holding my head as high as possible, until the cramp became unbearable,



"The entire roof of the tunnel crashed down upon me, pinning me fast."

out, but entirely without success. As I view it now I think I was lucky, for I fully believe that if I had shifted my position to any extent the remainder of the bank would have crashed

when I rested with my head down. Those hours of misery will always remain stamped indelibly on my memory. My years of strenuous life in the open stood me well in this ordeal; a

man with softer lungs and muscles would have collapsed long before. Thirst was gnawing at my vitals, and the gathered dust and dirt lay thick along my windpipe. It was impossible to breathe through my nose, and every time I took a breath it was with an effort that was half strangling in its effect upon my breast and throat. My tongue was parched and seemed lifeless; my eyes swam in a blood-red mist.

I little thought that somewhere out on the plain the men from the ranch-house were busy at work attempting to hunt me down, living or dead. It was in the neighbourhood of eight o'clock in the morning when I crept down into the den, and it was about noon that the boys started out to hunt for me, under the direction of Brown, the ranch-owner. Charles had some idea the way I had gone, and though they followed his directions, and thoroughly searched the country, they were not able to discern a trace of my presence. Failing to find the den by ordinary means of human reasoning, combined with much riding around, Charley called in the services of the ranch dog, a water spaniel we knew by the name of "Queen," and which had a more or less distinct fondness for me. This dog had often shown high intelligence, and was quick at following up a trail when interested in the hunt.

Riding back to the hills with the dog, Charley released her, and, by alternate coaxing and threats, set her to work to find my trail to the den. At first the dog showed no interest whatsoever, and just ran around, sniffing occasionally, and then looking up with the greatest



Charles Mallory, who first discovered Fairley in the wolf-den.

*From a Photograph.*

indifference. Finally, after much hunting about, some feathers were found—a remnant of the old she-wolf's hunt. Here the dog was again released, but, though she ran hither and thither, there was nothing that took her fancy, and, after following a trail for a hundred feet, she soon dropped it and refused to go any farther.

The men, who had, in the meantime, been riding round the country in all directions, now assembled at a chosen place to talk matters over.

Brown suggested that one of the boys should go back to the ranch and see if I had returned, as some of the men thought that the horse had torn away from me, and that I should walk home on foot. Brown, however, held that a horse must be very frightened indeed to muster sufficient strength to pull up a bush the size of the one I had tied the animal to, and therefore it was more than likely that something serious had happened to me. Had it not been for Brown's shrewdness

I think the hunt would have been given up, for there was nothing to prove that I was actually in trouble, save the fact that my horse had come home riderless.

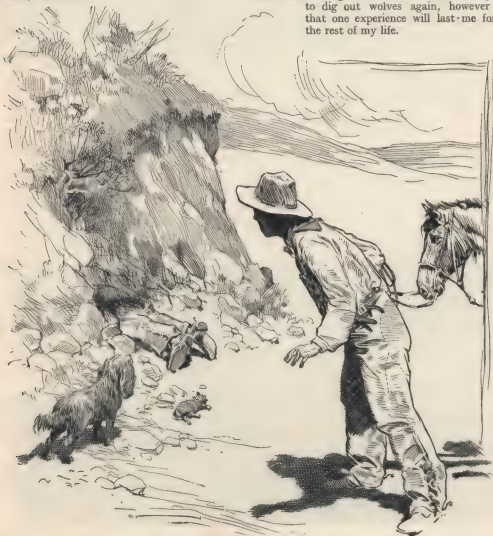
The rider sent to the ranch came back with word that I had not returned, and the hunt was then resumed. At this juncture the dog Queen suddenly struck a trail, and, with a wild bark, started out to follow it up. Charley, who was with her at the time, became interested and followed closely behind, with the result that half an hour later the two of them came upon me there in the sandhill, the only evidence of my presence revealed being my legs



"Queen," the dog that led the rescue-party to the scene of the mishap. *Photograph.*

sticking out of the hole. It was then about five o'clock and almost dark. Charley at once got busy, and by whistling and shouting was able to call the others together before darkness fell. They had no means of telling whether I was alive or dead, for I was just then practically unconscious; however, they worked with their bare hands until the darkness closed around them, and then, aided by the light of a small fire, they were able to finally pry me out from my subterranean prison. Just how far I was from Death's door I shall never know, but certain it is that a very little time longer would have finished my worldly existence.

No sooner had the men got me out than they began to work over me. A hand placed on my breast proved without a doubt that there was yet hope, and after fifteen minutes of labouring at me I felt the pangs of returning consciousness, when a flask of whisky was held to my lips and the fiery stimulant ran down my dust-caked throat. The pain in my breast and back was intense, and I promptly swooned again. I have no recollection of what followed until, some time the next day, I came round once more, feeling very weak and exhausted. Owing to the kind attentions of my employers, I soon recovered and was able to get to work. I did not attempt to dig out wolves again, however; that one experience will last me for the rest of my life.



"The only evidence of my presence revealed was my legs sticking out of the hole."

# Through the Wilds of Asia



BY DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.

The story of a wonderful and adventurous journey—five thousand miles through the heart of Central Asia. Crossing Siberia, the author and his companions traversed Mongolia, Dzungaria, Chinese Turkestan, and the Himalayas, finally reaching Bombay after twenty months of wandering. A considerable portion of the regions visited was entirely unknown, the rest, for the most part, having been traversed only by Russian explorers whose investigations have been kept secret. The journey was made by horse, camel, cart, yaks, canoes, rafts, tarantasses, and tongas, not to mention oxen and donkeys. This is the final instalment of the graphic record of a notable achievement in the domain of exploration and adventure.

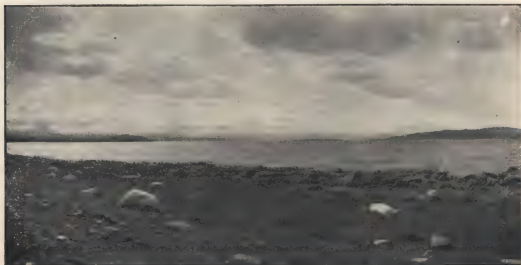
## IV.



LOWLY we travelled across the great waste of Dzungaria,\* the "soul-appalling Gobi" of some writers, but to us a land of beauty, even if of a somewhat terrifying character. For here, more nearly than in any other land, is beauty allied to terror.

These silent steppes, the natives believe, are

the haunts of "genii" and the rendezvous of evil spirits. As a recent writer has said: "The great sandy desert of Gobi has been looked on as the dwelling-place of malignant beings from the days of hoary antiquity." All luckless travellers in this region, from the days of Marco Polo onwards, have recorded strange stories of weird beings that inhabit the depths of the



*From a Photo. by]*

Amid the great wastes of Mongolia—In the foreground is seen one of the Kobdo

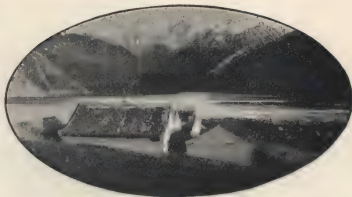


wastes. Mysterious singing and wailing, beating of drums, and distant music are said to beguile the traveller and lead him off the track until he is hopelessly lost in the wilderness. A recent Russian explorer gives quite a detailed account of the wild men of the desert. Listen to the strange story told by Kosloff, who traversed the deserts of Dzungaria in its widest part not long ago: "These wild men, the Kyz-Kyks as they are called, are covered with short wool similar to the fur of a

young camel. They have long black hair and black eyes. They are of ordinary size but rather long-legged. They roam the steppe in pairs, and when harassed by man they scream, whistle, and snarl as they run away. The native Kirghiz claim to have caught them occasionally, but the captives refuse food and drink, and die after a few days."

In the desert we met no such weird strangers, nor did we come across anybody who claimed to have set eyes on them. But whilst on the subject of myths I may as well mention the sacred lake of Southern Dzungaria. This is the Bogdoola, the home of countless tales of wonder and the residence of many very holy monks.

After a toilsome climb through the mountains,



The wonderful sacred lake of Bogdoola—All its surroundings are holy, and no bird or beast may be killed in the vicinity. [D. Carruthers.]

we came to an abrupt mountain wall, where seventeen-thousand-foot peaks dropped sheer in tremendous precipices and rocky scree to an enclosed amphitheatre, where lies the lake—a turquoise pool shut in by dark-forested slopes and flower-strewn meadows. Here picturesque monasteries were built close to the lake shore, or, perched on some rocky promontory, were only approachable by boat. The lamas, old men and very holy, lived here a life of absolute seclusion. They toil not, neither do they cultivate the soil; their food is brought up in weekly supplies by the novices who live below. As these supplies consist only of bread and water, I fancy the monks really live on "air and scenery."

The whole valley is a reservation, where no wild animals are allowed to be harassed or killed. In consequence, I nearly got into bad odour with the High Priest, for, according to my habit, I was continually shooting small birds for my collection. As the result of preservation, the wild beasts of the forest swarmed in this beautiful lake basin, and used it with apparent appreciation and gratitude to the monks. The great stag of the Tian Shan was here quite numerous, for he is quick to differentiate between a refuge like this and the much-hunted valleys beyond.

Solemn, religious silence hangs over the deep valley until broken by the cry of the peacock and the mew of the



lake and, beyond, the Altai Mountains.

[Carruthers & Miller.]

otter, and at dusk by the giant gongs and muffled drums beaten by the priests in the temples, which echoed weirdly from the mighty cliffs and crags around. No ordinary shepherds or nomads are allowed to graze their flocks here—it is preserved intact for the deity who is supposed to visit the lake once a year.

Contrast is the leading feature of Asiatic travel. At one moment the traveller may be faced by a thousand-mile plain, later by a ten-thousand-foot barrier of snow mountains. Every conceivable type of transport has to be tried. We have driven eighteen hundred miles in a cart, ridden post-haste



A group of future lamas at an "obo," or cairn of votive offerings.

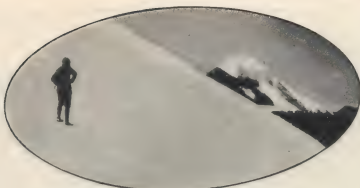
*From a Photo. by J. H. Miller.*

on relays of Mongol pacers, slouched behind crawling camel caravans, and walked over the Himalayas. The camels of Central Asia are, luckily, more able to resist cold and better adapted to the hills than the one-humped dromedary. As is seen in the photograph reproduced below, our camels easily negotiated the snow pass of ten thousand feet. In the Himalayas there is a well-known trade route over which camel caravans habitually go to and fro, and in the course of which journey they reach the record altitude, for a camel, of eighteen thousand two hundred feet. This is the great Karakorum, the highest trade



The caravan crossing a high pass in Mongolia.

*From a Photo. by J. H. Miller.*



Virgin peaks in the Mongolian Alps explored by the members of the expedition.

*From a Photo. by J. H. Miller.*

route in the world, which we had the ill-fortune to traverse late in the year. But that is another story. Dzŭngaria, which I am trying to describe, lies three months' journey away to the north-east. But even here we experienced the splendour of the hills. On more than one occasion we explored and mapped little-known ranges of snow mountains. Exciting days, those, wading up the snow-slopes and recording the altitudes of ice pinnacles hitherto unassailed by man.

The superstitious nomads of Buddhist faith regard these heights as sacred, and could never be persuaded to accompany us; but the Moham-medan Kasak and Kirghiz were more amenable. These people of Turkish stock are probably a remnant of the original Turki people, from whom sprang the present-day Osmanlis of Stamboul. Here they wander in their ancient and original home; shepherds by profession and living a life of indolent ease, they form the aristocracy of the steppe.

Much of their time is given to hunting and falconry, which shows that their struggle for existence is not

so very hard. The men pride themselves on their dress, and the women, of course, have their fashions as well. A black coat is the desire of every Kasak girl; and this with the white embroidered head-dress, as seen in the bottom picture, which surrounds a good-complexioned and often pretty face, goes to make quite a pleasing costume. Another feature of the Kasak girl's "get-up" is the fashionable high-heeled boots which they all

wear. Horsemen all the world over find that a heel is a comfort to a boot in the stirrup. The cowboys of Mexico, for instance, use the same Cuban-heeled boot which was copied from the ancient Aztecs. And these latter, curiously enough, are of that peculiar shape and green colour such as we saw amongst the Kerei Kasaks of the Altai.

The men wear grotesque sheep-skin trousers when in the saddle, which again reminds one of the "shaps" of the Western rangers. Our Caucasian guide and interpreter excelled himself in his knowledge of impressive English when he called them "mutton trousers"!

To see a bunch of Kerei, who, by the way, are the *élite* of all Kasak nomad tribes, riding out,



Kasak women who entertained the explorers.

*From a Photo. by J. H. Miller.*



From a Photo. by]

A Chinese frontier official

eagles and falcons on fists, to hunt the reed-beds for pheasants and foxes, is a thrilling sight. It makes small-bird falconry seem tame in comparison. The flight at a fox or a wolf, or even on occasion a gazelle, makes a really fine sport. The eagles used are the common golden eagle, called by the natives "burogut." They are never used except in winter, when they are hungry and keen; all the summer you may see them tethered out on wooden blocks or on the tree-tops in the neighbourhood of the encampment.

Altogether the Kasaks are a fine, healthy people, living on the produce of their flocks and, consequently, passing quite uneventful lives.

They drink enormous quantities of mares' milk, or "kumiss," in the summer months, and this, I think, goes to make them so extraordinarily healthy, gives them such good complexions, and also accounts for the superabundance of old women who always bothered the encampment.



Strenuous sport — A Kerai nomad with his falcon setting out to hunt  
From a [ ] From a [ ] Photograph.

Groups of tents generally denote a family party. Where else but in Asia could eight or ten nearly-related families live at such close quarters? When spending nights in the encampment we were always annoyed by the old ladies of the camp, who chaperoned the younger women and tried to steal our belongings. Their kleptomaniac habits were astounding. Our servant was continually pulling our knives, spoons, and forks out of the baggy sleeves of these old women. They were quite unabashed when this happened. Apropos of this we asked our host the cost of manslaughter, and he said eighty-one horses—a large enough sum to forbid too many

old women being put out of the way!

For two thousand miles we traversed the border lands of Siberia and the marches of Mongolia. This is a wonderful frontier, where two vast empires of such different character, religion, and age run alongside each other across the heart



and his escort.

(Carruthers &amp; Miller.

of Asia. Russia is pushing ahead, but China, even if the great Dragon is at last beginning to stir itself in the populous parts of China proper, is still somewhat somnolent in this out-of-the-way region.

We often came on the Chinese frontier posts, situated at anything up to two thousand miles from Peking. Here we found sedate and polite Manchus living as nearly as they could in the style of their beloved Peking; their *ménages* were complete, even to their painted, doll-like wives and the innumerable variety of delicacies that go to make up a Chinese menu.

The photograph reproduced above shows a Chinese general and his staff and guard of honour at a small military post in the Altai. We had dropped down to this settlement of Tulta, or Sharasumbé, from the crests of the Altai range, and had pitched our camp close beside the mud-walled fort and "yamen" of the mandarins. Of course, complimentary visits had to be paid, and the holding capacity of our tents was taxed to the utmost when we had to entertain the *personnel* of the deputation shown in the picture.

The soldiers were quite fine men, capable of great things, and excellent material for a European officer to get to work on; but it will be seen that many are still armed with pikes, which would not be much good for keeping in order anyone but refractory Mongols and harmless Chantos. The Chinese have a saying that "You do not make nails out of good iron, any more than you make soldiers out of good men,"

which maxim they carry out to the letter. As is well known, it often happens that the bad men who enlist are rare fighters.

To be entertained by hospitable Chinese mandarins is most interesting, quite instructive, and very bad for the health of one's digestive organs. It was a continual source of annoyance to us, this overfeeding at lengthy and almost nauseating Chinese dinners. We could seldom get out of them, however. Imagine the effect of forty courses! None could be refused, as your host impressed on you as each dish was brought in the exact cost of it, its rarity, and its characteristics. Then he asks you your opinion. Of course you say it's excellent—and he promptly gives you some more! Fishes' fins, ancient eggs, bamboo shoots, sea-slugs, seaweed, all naturally result in a bad head and a worse stomach. The Chinaman cannot do without his favourite dishes even in this out-of-the-way corner of the empire. Long caravans of camels carry these delicacies across the Gobi to the capital of the New Dominions, on the outskirts of the empire. The merchants of Urumchi, the capital, stock all the latest Peking creations in the way of strange dishes. "Latest" is used comparatively, for they are four to six months old by the time they reach far Western China.

But we have pleasant memories of these jovial old Chinamen, who were so friendly to us, and it was with sincere regret that we heard recently of the wholesale assassinations caused by the revolutionaries, when many of our Manchu friends and hosts were killed.

# The Overseer's Duel.

BY SYDNEY SANDIFORD, OF GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

The story of a strange battle between man and beast in the depths of the British Guiana jungle.



THE gold industry of British Guiana is on the wane so far as the individual prospector, or "pork-knocker," is concerned. It is getting into the hands of limited companies and big corporations.

Nowadays it is balata (the gum of the balata tree) to which all the wild spirits look for salvation. The work of balata-tapping gives them a lot of chances to get lost, eaten by tigers, shot by their mad comrades, or perhaps half-starved by the company that employs them.

The "tiger" of this part of the world is really a jaguar, or some kind of a tiger-cat. I was once present when one of these vicious brutes visited a camp of men who were working balata for the Essequibo Rubber and Tobacco Estates, Limited.

Before telling the story I must explain that, owing to their distance from any centre of civilization, the balata-men have to subsist largely on barrelled salt pork, or on game brought down by their own guns, which method, being more pleasing, is almost universally followed.

The meat is prepared in a manner peculiar to West Indians. It is stewed down and partly preserved by a condiment known as "cassa-reep," originally an Indian preparation, and the result must be tasted to be appreciated.

On the day in question two men who had gone out very early brought in a *fiñe labba*, an animal universally pronounced to be Guiana's sweetest. Soon after some fine "paco," or bush-fish, were brought in from a neighbouring creek, for British Guiana has quite a network of small streams teeming with fish.

The *chef* of the gang, a diminutive Barbadian negro with a deal of tongue, started to work, and soon savoury smells ascended to the nostrils of the men who were working in the trees around the camp.

The camp was, of course, situated in a clearing, and it was here the cooking went on.

The *chef*, in his haste to taste the succulent repast, had neglected to throw the entrails into the running water of the creek, where they would have been immediately swallowed up by the omnivorous fishes. Instead, he very carelessly cast them into some undergrowth a little distance from the camp.

The buck-pot boiled merrily, and I was leaning against a tree, chatting with the fussy cook and entertaining pleasant visions of an appetizing meal, when we distinctly heard a low snarl above the clicks of the tapping tools and the sighing of the wind among the crowded tree-tops.

I knew at once it was a tiger, attracted by the smell of raw meat, and shouting to warn Parsons, the overseer, in the tent, and the *chef*, who had, however, promptly shinned up a tree, I seized a shot-gun and, following the negro's example, swarmed up the nearest bullet-wood tree.

Parsons, the overseer, was, as I have said, in the tent. The overseers come and go from one camp to another, inspecting tools, seeing that the trees are tapped in the regulation fashion, and making up the books of the camps as from the last overseer's visit.

Parsons rushed out of the tent, a revolver in his left hand and a bared sword-stick in his right. The tiger was just emerging from the low scrub. It was a splendid animal—long, low, sleek, yellow-brown in colour, and marked as is the way with our tigers, not with stripes, but with dark rings and spots.

On seeing Parsons the great beast stopped abruptly and glared hard at him.

Parsons glared back. The tiger advanced two steps, Parsons did likewise, always keeping his eyes on the tiger's.

If you are in a similar plight never take your eyes off Brer Tiger. If you do he is apt to think he is the better, and to act swiftly on the thought.

Again the tiger advanced two steps, and Parsons did likewise.

"Back, Parsons, back! I'll shoot him!" I cried.

I didn't know that if Parsons turned around, or if I fired, Parsons was a gone coon.

"Shut up and don't shoot," snapped Parsons, without moving his head. With that he advanced the three steps the tiger had just made.

It was grand, soul-stirring, to see that silent duel between man and beast. Parsons, alert and steady—the tiger crouching low, ready to spring when it saw its chance, and both intensely concentrated on the work on hand. They kept up the game of approaching each other step for step for what seemed ages. The tiger dared not

spring; the overseer's steady glare and slow approach seemed to disconcert it.

At last, when Parsons had got him within fifteen paces and not an inch more, he fired directly between the tiger's eyes—once, twice, thrice. Then, as quick as one of his own shots, he stepped aside.

I craned forward excitedly to see what happened.

The tiger sprang, but Parsons was too quick for him, and as the beast flashed into the air he buried his sword-stick in the brute's flank. Here, however, he

executioners, who, seeing that the tiger no longer needed their attention, promptly belaboured the hapless cook in a thoroughly business-like way.

Parsons, we found, was unhurt save for his

was too slow by a hair's breadth. He had calculated on piercing the region of the lungs, but he missed it, and man and beast went over together in a glorious tangle.

The balata-men came streaming up, attracted by the shots, and as the two fighters rolled over in the dust, the tiger blinded and clawing wildly at the air, Parsons, though mauled, still deadly cool, they "tapped" the beast in a style not approved of by Government.

They drove their knives deep into his sides and they smashed his head with the branches of bullet-wood trees. Then they pulled Parsons out of the scrimmage by his legs and arms, and, pitching themselves bodily on the tiger, finally finished him off.

So good a job did they make of it that Parsons could only secure afterwards the skin of the head as a souvenir. The rest of the hide was in tatters.

In the midst of the final struggle the Barbadian cook slid out of the tree to which he had fled and fell plump on the heads of some of the



"The tiger sprang, but Parsons was too quick for him."

left hand, which was pretty badly mauled. We quickly attended to it, and then fell on the pepper-pot stew, which the cook had done up in fine style. Parsons ate a whole labba-leg—the equivalent of about four steaks—besides other things too numerous to mention.

The next day, too, we had a royal feed on tiger steaks—very good if you know how to cook them. But the best of all was that night, when the men improvised a concert, and a loud-voiced negro sang the praises of Parsons in fine style, while that blushing hero made his acknowledgments by producing from his kit a bottle of civilized Scotch whisky.



# THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF THE ARCTIC.

BY E. W. HAWKES.

These remarkable articles embody the experiences of the author while acting as a Government official in charge of the primitive inhabitants of the Diomed Islands, away out in the inhospitable waters of Bering Strait. For three years Mr. Hawkes was the only white man among these survivors of the ancient Eskimos, who live in cliff houses and still retain many curious customs. His narrative will be found full of interesting information concerning these little-known people and the life of himself and his young wife in their desolate island kingdom, far from civilization, amid the ice and fog of the Arctic. In this final instalment Mr. Hawkes deals with the Eskimo medicine-men, with whom he had many tussles, and their curious ways of impressing their credulous victims.

## II.



HE whole life of the primitive Eskimo is governed by precedent. Although outwardly the freest and most irresponsible being in the world, he is in reality the slave of public opinion and the numberless customs and superstitions of his ancestors. The ways of his fathers are good enough for him, and the word of the old men and witch-doctors, who treasure up ancient precedent like the Pharisees of old, is the standard he lives and dies by. As the experience of his forefathers was probably gained at terrible cost in adapting themselves to the hostile climate of the Arctic, there is some reason for his attitude.

For an Eskimo to break one of these unwritten laws is to render himself a social outcast. Although treated with kindness, he is no longer reckoned as a member of the tribe. I well remember such a case on the Diomedes. A brother-in-law of the chief had early embraced Christianity, being converted on a trip to Nome by one of the first missionaries. Being a very conscientious man, he soon recognized the incompatibility of retaining his faith and conforming to the worship of his people. This fine distinction does not bother the average Eskimo, who will gratify the village missionary with an enthusiastic testimony and then go home and beat his drum and sing to the spirits half the night. But this old fellow was made of sterner stuff. The spirit of the Scotch Covenanters was in his veins. He refused to go through the usual rites of his people, and prayed to the God of the white stranger at home. As a result he was forbidden his place in the village Kos-ga (or meeting-place), where every man has his recognized station, carefully graded according to merit. His son was not allowed to dance with the young men, or witness any of the councils or witch-doctorings reserved for the men; his daughters could not take part in the

annual dance of the women, nor was any member of the tribe bold enough to ask them in marriage. They all married Siberian strangers and left the old man's house desolate, but he stuck to his faith to the last. In my humble opinion, he was the best Christian I ever met. Always cheerful, always ready to help, living daily the faith that was in him, he was the only Eskimo I ever saw who was brave enough to withstand the witch-doctor.

The witch-doctor, by the way, is not loved by the Eskimo. On the contrary, he is hated and feared, and often meets with a violent death. But he rules the ignorant native with the cruellest rod this world has ever known in its evolution from spiritual bondage—the rod of superstitious fear. I have seen natives turn pale at the mere mention of some famous, or rather infamous, "doctor." But the advent of the white man and the missionary is changing all this, and some tribes have become so thoroughly converted that they forbid the practice of witch-doctoring any more. "The natives themselves acknowledge that the "doctors" are not so "strong" as they used to be, that their songs and charms are losing their efficacy. It is only a matter of time before the belief will entirely disappear, as the religion of fear is supplanted by the faith of hope and love. But what is bred in the blood and bone strangely persists, and I have found doctors still practising on the sly, even in civilized communities of Christian Eskimos.

The witch-doctors are more intelligent than the average Eskimo, which makes them all the harder to fight. By a combination of tricks common to ventriloquism, juggling, and spiritualism, they convince the Eskimos that they are invulnerable and in league with the numerous spirits of evil which beset his daily path. I remember one fellow who used to cut his throat daily, to the horror of his audience. It was a

clever piece of work. As he slashed his knife across his neck the blood would run in streams, probably from a carefully-concealed bladder beneath his *parke*. He afterwards visited a northern tribe in search of fresh fields to conquer, and was shot. The native who killed him pumped a whole magazine of soft-nosed bullets into him, to make sure that he was dead, and then ran twenty-five miles to a different tribe for safety. It was considered quite the thing for the big doctors to burn themselves once in a while to increase their powers of magic. After the announcement had been made, the tribe would gather from near and far to witness the wonderful proceedings. The witch-doctor, after certain ceremonies, would be tied hand and foot and bound to a stake by his assistant. (By the way, they usually have an assistant, like our great magicians. He comes in quite handy at times.) Wood is piled around until the doctor is hidden from view. A fire is started, and the would-be suicide is soon hidden in rolling clouds of smoke. His spirit is supposed to ascend to heaven on the plume of flame. When the fire is getting uncomfortably hot the people are

at the sight of some "comic faces" I had bought for a Christmas entertainment. Also, after the death of several babies, I took the maternity business away from them, entirely and gave it to the old women. Strangely enough, the tribe backed me up in these two reforms, but would not do away with the doctors altogether. They said that I wanted to change their ways too soon; the missionaries of the neighbouring coast had laboured with their brethren for twenty years before they had induced them to give up their superstitions. "The evil spirits would get me," they told me, "if I fought the witch-doctors." And they did.

Later, in the fall of my second year, a new witch-doctor arrived who had lost his practice on the mainland owing to his tribe turning Christian. It seemed to me, by the way, as if all the medicine-men and general black-legs driven off the mainland betook themselves to the green pastures of the heathen Diomedes. At any rate, there were over a dozen witch-doctors practising on the different islands at one time. So I called in this new-comer, and informed him that we already had a surplus of doctors, and asked him to hunt a little instead of beating his drum.

He replied quite diplomatically that he had practised the gentle art of craft too long to give it up, but that he would help me in my work and make no trouble. This was the same fellow who prophesied the coming of the epidemic and our dual activity, as related in my last article, and for this he got considerable credit among the natives. When it came his turn to be doctored for the measles I asked him why he didn't beat his drum and scare the disease away. He got over this poser by telling the natives that if he were "sure" that it was the measles he could "take it off," but he was unable to decide just what kind of a devil had caused the trouble. The witch-doctors ascribe certain disorders to certain evil spirits, and do

not pride themselves so much on their ability to drive the devil out of their patient as on their success in deciding its name and family history. After it has been driven out it becomes subject to the witch-doctor, and increases his family of familiar spirits. The more devils he has the stronger he is. Some of them have a



A typical Eskimo witch-doctor—The Author had a good deal of trouble with these gentry.  
From a Photograph.

The witch-doctors are rank extortioners, always exacting their pay in advance. They usually select the best dog or skin their poor patient has, and often keep up their ministrations until he is completely fleeced. It was for this reason that I opposed them, and not because I cared particularly for the effects of their hideous belief. I also placed a taboo on their doctoring of women and children, as some of the school-children who had undergone treatment at their hands had become so frightened by their horrible masks and cries that they crawled under the desks

whole boxful, and a complete assortment of hideous masks to represent them.

They also claim to control the spirits of the dead, calling them up at will like a modern medium. This is usually done at the death of some member of the tribe, when the newly-descended spirit becomes their intermediary. I did not discover this until one day when I was at the death-bed of a Catholic Eskimo. As he felt the chill of death stealing over him he began to mumble his paternosters in evident haste and

Just after the measles epidemic another "sickness" struck the islands. This was a sort of aftermath, and took the form of diphtheria and pneumonia. Among the sick was the chief's favourite son, an Eskimo of the Eskimos. I liked him because he was open and honest, although he stuck to all the old superstitions. When I heard he was stricken I hurried over to the chief's house and offered my services. They were declined with thanks, and the head witch-doctor was summoned. He could make no



From a

Diomedé dancers at Nome, Alaska.

[Photograph.]

terror. The witch-doctor was standing close by, eyeing him intently. I afterwards asked my interpreter why the dying man had done this, and he told me that "he didn't want the witch-doctor to get his soul."

Some of their *stances* are startlingly realistic, and would furnish good material for the Society for Psychical Research. They are usually performed in the open by the sea, without any cabinets or assistants. A fire is built, and meat and tobacco thrown on the flames as offerings to the spirits. The people sit around in a circle, and occasionally pour libations on the ground for the suffering souls in Hades. The witch-doctor squats in the middle and addresses the spirits beneath. They are supposed to come up through his body and reply. He calls up the newly-departed and gives comfort to sorrowing relatives, or uses some dead member of the tribe as a voice from the other side to confound his enemies. Needless to say, I always came in for my share of denunciation. Somehow the devils did not like me; I suppose because I wrought confusion among their ministers.

headway against the terrible spirit which possessed the young man, however, and finally attributed his lack of success to me, as I had told the old chief that the witch-doctors could not cure his son. I should probably have been promptly put out of the way as a hindrance to the profession, had I not found a sudden champion in the bully of the islands, who was a witch-doctor himself and suffering somewhat of an eclipse since the arrival of the wonder-working stranger. I had done him some favours, which now stood me in good stead. He informed me of the plot in the following cryptic manner: "S'pose chief's son die, man kill him? Oh, no. Me speak? Oh, no!"

The boy died the same day, and, taking my interpreter, I went over to the chief's house, where all the people were assembled. The old chief appeared heart-broken, but gave me his hand. The family, seated around the room, glared at me with hostile eyes. It was evident that they actually believed I was the cause of their brother's death, and nothing I could say would change their opinion. It was a strange

sensation. I can still see the picture—the corpse of the boy, the grey-haired chief wringing his hands above it, and the tense attitude of the people around. I, the supposed murderer, was standing in their midst. I felt sorry for them

I could have cured his boy if it had not been for the witch-doctor. I dwelt on the friendship between his son and myself in the past, and assured him that I would be the last man to harm him. The old fellow was visibly moved, but answered never a word. It was plain he believed what the witch-doctor had said.

Then help came from an unexpected quarter. The boy's eldest brother, now nominally chief of



*From a*

A Diomedean woman and her baby.

*[Photograph.]*

in their delusion; also I felt sorry for myself, for I knew if I couldn't change their attitude my life wouldn't be worth five minutes' purchase.

So I talked gently to the old man. I completely ignored the people, as I knew his word was final. I told him how sorry I was for him in his bereavement; how I would have liked to help him, but his son would not let me; how

the tribe, and the "modern man" of the family, spoke up. He said that they forgave me for this (pointing to the dead body of his brother); that they were not going to kill me, but would treat me as well as they could. He understood the ways of the white man, he said, but his family did not. He, personally, believed that the witch-doctor had lied, and we were brothers. So I

kept my scalp a little longer. The boy had been a Catholic, and, as there was no priest within a hundred miles, I read the Burial prayers from a Latin Bible given me by the mission father in distant Nome, which satisfied his family that his soul was safe from the evil witch-doctor. They buried him away up on the mountain-side, and built a fire by the body at night, while the doctor called up his new-flown spirit. It said that everything was all right, so the tribe settled down in peace again. It was months before they left off mourning for this last scion of the old-time line. They knew the new chief, the eldest son, would follow in the footsteps of the white man, and the ancient glory of the tribe would be no more.

A little while after I fell ill myself of the same trouble. The witch-doctor said that it was in retribution for spoiling his medicine that the disease of the chief's son had descended on me. I was desperately bad for two months, and only pulled through on account of my determination to disappoint the witch-doctor. I lived on malted milk, and burnt my throat out with caustic three times a day. I spent most of my time out on the ice, freezing out the germs. It was pretty rough medicine, but it worked. When I was so weak I could not walk, I got a stout stick and pulled myself over the snow. I was frequently delirious, and used to imagine that the ravens which flew over the islands were gathering to pick my bones. I remember shaking my stick at them and saying, "You won't get me!" I must have been an awful spectacle, reduced to skin and bones, my beard and hair unkempt, dragging myself over the ice and talking to the air. The women and children would run when they saw me, but the men were very kind. As the long line of hunters, returning from the chase of bear and walrus, would swing by me, sitting on a block of ice, every man would stop and ask me how I was getting on, and offer words of

encouragement. However, they were so convinced of my final end that they had my grave all picked out and ready; no one had ever recovered from that death-grip at the throat. But I disappointed them. It was too bad, after all their trouble.

My recovery was a mystery to the entire tribe, and they finally came to the conclusion that I had a bigger devil than the witch-doctor. I afterwards cured the old chief of the same malady, and re-established myself with his people and earned his undying friendship at the same time.

The witch-doctor, too, had noticed my downward progress with distinct satisfaction, and enjoyed asking me all my symptoms, although with an outward show of sympathy. He even inferred that his influence was strong among the

inhabitants of the nether world, and could be purchased, to the dispelling of my sickness, for a few dollars, whereupon I told him to go below and investigate. He was, however, having troubles of his own. He had lost his reputation with the tribe since the death of the chief's son, and was constantly embroiled in domestic trouble. So one day the old patriarch of the islands, in whose *igloo* he lived, addressed him thus: "You are no good. Your wife is no good. Neither of you are any good. Before you came here we never had any trouble. Now you are always stirring up trouble. You are an undesirable citizen. Skidoo!" So the discredited witch-doctor moved to Siberia, whence I used to hear occasionally of the wonders he performed.

As a sort of farewell entertainment before leaving us, he had himself hung. After being tied hand and foot, he was strung up to a rafter by four stout Eskimos. The operation was not a success—that is to say, he recovered after being cut down. If I had been allowed to participate the result would have been different.

This brings me to an ancient custom of the



From a) The patriarch of the village. (Photograph.)

Eskimos, that of killing off their old people. When a man or woman gets so old that they can no longer enjoy life they express a desire to "shuffle off this mortal coil." It then devolves on one of the children or relatives to assist them

with a rope or knife. This pleasant custom originated in Greenland, where they used to take the old folks out and leave them to refrigerate in a hole in a convenient glacier. The custom was varied in Siberia by stabbing or hanging. I do not think that it was ever adopted in Alaska, but the Diomedes, being close to Siberia, absorbed such social duties as we do the styles from Paris. As late as the building of the Government school an old man was strung up by his admiring

relatives, and during my residence an old woman was killed on the Siberian side. After courting Death she changed her mind, as women will, and expressed a desire to live, but was not allowed to show such fickleness in the face of ancient and honourable custom.

The old gentleman mentioned above was the first Eskimo on the islands to be buried in a coffin. Previous to his elevation he had asked to be buried in the "white man's box." The usual custom had been to throw dead bodies out to the dogs. But the old man got a coffin. He was no sooner snug in it, however, than a great storm arose. The natives figured that he was too "warm," so they took off the lid, whereupon the ancient's temperature went down and a catastrophe was averted. This incident established the custom of using coffins among them.

The different tribes vary considerably in the manner of burying their dead. Some place

them on stout platforms, after the Indian style; others put the corpse upright in a rough box with the knees touching the chin and the hands folded, ready to step out on the Judgment Day. On the islands the coffin was simply piled over

with timber and rocks. They bury the personal effects of the dead with them. You will see the man's kayak and sled on his grave, and a whole collection of pots and kettles piled over an old woman's last resting-place. No Eskimo would touch these articles, however much he might need them, nor would he pass through a village burying-ground, nor be caught in its vicinity at night. The ghosts which are supposed to hover around would surely "get" him.

Every ten years the Eskimos hold the Dance to the Dead, when ghosts are supposed to come out of their coffins and visit the Kos-ga, where they are given a feast, and retire well filled for another ten years. Sometimes the food is taken to the burying-ground to save the spirits the trouble of moving.

When a child is born among the islanders it takes the name of the last deceased member of the family, and on it devolves the duty of feeding its foster-father's spirit. The Eskimos have a horror of being childless, because their spirits will languish and their name be forgotten. As they say, "S'pose no mik-a-nina (children)—ghost plenty hungry." Often an Eskimo will beggar himself, giving a great feast in honour of his illustrious ancestor; but he gains great renown thereby, and places all his visitors under lifelong obligations to him.

Such are the strange customs and stranger superstitions of this isolated people. My stay



Eskimos launching a boat—All sorts of curious ceremonies, designed to avert ill-fortune, accompany this operation. (Photograph from a)



From a

An aborigine from Cape Prince of Wales.

[Photograph.

among them terminated in the spring, when I concluded I had had enough of the simple life, and left with a whaling crew for Cape Prince of Wales, the nearest point of American civilization. The strait was full of running ice, which made our passage in a frail skin boat rather precarious. We would thread our way through a lead where the ice had opened, and as it closed in on us again the natives would jump out of the boat on to the berg and pull our boat up on it as the terrible jaws of the ice-pack snapped together. It took us forty-six hours to go eighteen miles, but it was worth the struggle. I cannot describe how good it seemed to see friendly white faces, and have good United States soil under our

feet again. For two years we had been practically dead to the outside world. In all that time we had received our mail but once. We had not worn anything but furs and muk-luks for months, and could hardly get used to civilized clothing and shoes again. Seeing no white people, we had learned to use Eskimo largely even between ourselves, and often startled our friends by jabbering away in that language. So does Nature accustom one to environment. I am not sure, if we had stayed on the islands a few years more, whether we should not have degenerated into white Eskimos as typical as those recently discovered by Professor Svennsson.







# A Britisher Adrift.

BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY EVISON.

Mr. McCluer Stevens has had a most adventurous career, having been in turns tramp, prospector, gold-digger, stowaway, Indian fighter, and Government scout amongst the savage Apaches of Arizona, and many other things. In the following story he tells of the horrors of work in a chain-gang in an abandoned convict camp in Arkansas, of his escape with a companion in misfortune, and of the adventures that afterwards befell him in the swamps and cotton-fields of Mississippi.

**R**ECISELY how I came to find myself, not so very many years ago, adrift and well-nigh penniless in the streets of Chicago matters not. Suffice it to say that I was there and in that fix, and it is unnecessary to add that I did not feel particularly happy about it. My last twenty-five cents went for a night's lodging, and the next morning I answered an advertisement in the newspaper for railway workers at two dollars a day, and got taken on, together with two or three score other simpletons. We were sent by special train down into Arkansas, near a place called Pine Bluff, where they were building a new line through a low-lying, swampy country that fairly reeked with malaria. Until a short time before our arrival the contractors had been utilizing convict labour, but the convicts had died off like flies, and the newspapers kicked up a row about it.

The convicts had therefore been withdrawn and "free" labour substituted. I was one of the "free" labourers, but personally I failed to see where the freedom came in.

We were lodged in the old, abandoned convict stockades and huts; we were shepherded to work and back by armed guards—overseers they were called—and we were fed principally on corn-bread, dried peas, and fat white bacon, the ordinary diet of prisoners in the Southern convict camps. Moreover, the contract we each had to sign before being taken on specified that we must continue at work for six months certain.

It did not take me long to realize that in signing this I had practically signed my death-warrant—unless, indeed, I could find some way out of it. Even the negroes, who formed the bulk of the labourers, sickened and died after four or five months of it. What chance, I asked myself, did I stand? True, they served us out with quinine as part of our ordinary daily rations, but of what avail was quinine against that pestiferous atmosphere?

Whenever we stuck our shovels into the rank, black soil the stench of decaying vegetable matter that rose up was intolerable. At night one could see—and smell—the miasma rising from the swamps all round like a huge woolly blanket.

After three days' toil I began to feel the fever in my bones, and threw down my tools, telling the "boss" of my gang that he could do what he liked with me, but that I was not going to stick it any longer.

Somewhat to my surprise, he showed no particular signs of anger; he only looked at me rather pityingly, I thought.

"You know what it means?" he said.

"No, I don't," I replied, "and, what's more, I don't care. Anything's better than this."

Seeing me determined, he said no more, but signed to a couple of the guards, and I was marched back to the stockades, and thence to Pine Bluff. Here I was taken before a grimy-faced individual in his shirt-sleeves, who I found out afterwards was a magistrate sitting in his official capacity.

I was charged with unlawfully breaking my contract, and was sentenced to a fine of one hundred dollars, to be worked out, in default of payment, on the public roads.

"Got the spondulicks?" said the policeman who had me in charge.

"Got what?" I asked.

"Spondulicks," he repeated. "The wad, you know."

"Do you mean, have I got the money to pay the fine?" I said.

He nodded. "That's it, sonny."

"No," I said, "I haven't, and if I had I wouldn't part."

"Oh, wouldn't you?" he sneered. "I rather guess, sonny, that before you're through with it you'd be glad to part with ten times a hundred dollars, rather than do the thirty days. However, that's your business, not mine. Come along to the cooler."

I found the "cooler" to be a stone-flagged, cell-like room without a fire, and minus either bed or bedding. So cold was it that I had to keep running up and down all night in order to keep my blood in circulation. There was no proper solid door to it—only an iron grill separating the interior from the open air.

Next morning I was taken out, and a chain, on the end of which was a thirty-two-pound cannon-ball, was fastened round my left ankle. A heavy, long-handled shovel was then placed in my hand, and I was driven out to work by a huge, evil-visaged brute of a jailer, who was armed with a revolver and carried a big, wicked-looking raw-hide whip.

"What will they do to me if I refuse to work?" I asked my nearest companion in misfortune.

"Flog you," he answered, quietly—"flog you to death."

I thought he was bluffing, but I soon found out that he was in dead earnest. During the eight days I toiled in this horrible chain-gang I saw one man's back cut all to pieces with a whip for "being saucy," as our jailer put it. Another was put in the "sweat box," a sort of coffin-shaped arrangement of wood, inside which the wretched victim was shut, without light or

ventilation, until he was on the point of death from suffocation. Yet a third offender was strung up by his thumbs with whiplash to the branch of a tree, and left hanging there until he fainted with the agony.

All three of these men were negroes, as it happened, but I was assured that we white men, of whom there were six or seven in custody beside myself, would most certainly be treated the same way if we did not behave ourselves. I thought it prudent, therefore, to do my best to avoid incurring the ill-will of my jailer, while at the same time keeping a sharp look-out for any chance to escape.

We were worked all day in chains, but these

were removed at night, when we were all herded together like cattle in a large, cell-like building, also termed the "cooler," but bigger and stronger than the place I was first detained in. No bedding of any kind was provided, but there were about a dozen filthy, ragged blankets, which we shared between us, sleeping—or trying to sleep—on the floor.

Our prison stood quite by itself some distance away from the town, and was left at night totally unguarded. This gave me an idea. I had picked up the rusty blade of an old table-knife outside. I made it into a rough saw, and started to cut through the bars of the iron-grilled door that stood between us and freedom.

At first my companions in misfortune looked on stolidly, making no attempt to help me, although the bright moonlight shone right in on us through the bars, so that the interior of our wretched cage was almost as light as day. Some among them, indeed, even started to grumble at me, saying that the noise I made was preventing them from sleeping.

Sleep! And in that vermin-infested den!

At length, however, one or two of the more enterprising of the prisoners rose from the floor and sidled up to where I was working. The good progress I had made during the comparatively short while that I had been at work surprised them, and one of them, a white man called "Scotty," took my home-made saw from me "to give me a breathing spell,"



Mr. C. L. McCluer Stevens, the Author.  
From a Photograph.

as he put it, and started work on his own account.

Then, one by one, the others joined in. Two or three additional knife-blades were produced from somewhere or other and made into saws. By the morning we had cut half-way through two of the bars. Then we ceased work, rubbing rust and dirt into the cuts to prevent their being noticed.

The cheerful manner in which we all worked that day made our jailer quite merry. Of course, he was blissfully ignorant that our good spirits were due to the fact that we all of us hoped and believed that our captivity was now well-nigh at an end. I, at all events, had no doubt in my own mind about being able to complete the sawing through of the bars that night, in which case there was nothing to prevent us getting clear away, as the "cooler" was, as I have already said, left quite unguarded, and there was no dwelling-place anywhere near it.

Fate, however, was against me. In fact, it played me as scurvy a trick as it is possible to conceive of. That evening two new prisoners were brought in, and, in order to make room for them in the "cooler," Scotty and I were given quarters in the town jail.

These were far more comfortable, being, in fact, the same as were allotted to long-term convicts; but of course we were deprived of all hope of being able to escape with the others from the "cooler," and all our labour and toil of the night before became of no avail—so far, at all events, as we two were concerned.

It was a bitter disappointment. Locked in my lonely cell that night, I sat on my wooden stool, bowed my head in my hands, and cried like a child.

Next morning there was an awful row. The prisoners in the "cooler," some sixteen in all, had disappeared—how was only too evident from the broken and twisted bars.

"I b'lieve you had a hand in it, Britisher," snarled my jailer, as he handed me my breakfast.

"And you, too, Mr. Bloomin' Scotty," he added, as he unlocked that individual's cell door. "Stands to reason they couldn't ha' cut through them there bars in one night."

Neither Scotty nor I made any answer, and after breakfast we were set to work as usual. To our surprise, however, the chain and shot were dispensed with.

"I ain't agoin' to shackle you jossers this mornin'," explained our guard. "There's only two of you, and I can keep an eye on you. If you try any hanky-panky tricks—why, look out." And he tapped his revolver significantly.

"Say, Britisher," whispered Scotty to me, an hour or so later, while our jailer's back was

turned, "I'm goin' to plunk yon chap one in the jaw the first proper chance I get. If I can only land him where I want to, I guess I can send him to sleep for fifteen seconds, anyhow. That's our chance. We've got to cut and run. Savvy?"

"Right-o!" I whispered, in reply. "But do you think you can 'out' him in one blow?"

"Leave that to me," he replied, with a knowing wink. "I travelled two years with a boxing booth in the old country."

I said no more, but for the next hour I was on thorns.

"Supposing Scotty makes a mess of it!" I thought to myself. "It will mean a flogging for both of us."

I did not fear the pain so much as the disgrace, and I made up my mind that I would rather be shot dead in my tracks than submit to it.

The place where we were working was near the foot of a low hill, beyond which, on the other side, was a broad and deep stream, a tributary of the Mississippi. Across this stream again was an uninhabited region of swamp and forest. Once there we should be comparatively safe from pursuit.

One thing only bothered me. I caught Scotty's eye and whispered him the question:—

"Can you swim?"

"Like a duck," he replied. "And you?"

"Yes," I said; "I'm all right for a mile, at all events, so knock him out the first chance you get, and then we'll bolt for the river."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when his chance came. Our brute of a jailer turned round suddenly, and saw us talking together.

He rushed up to Scotty, who happened to be nearest to him, and, thrusting his heavy, bulldog face close up to his, asked him what in thunder he meant by it.

For answer Scotty stepped suddenly back and landed the ruffian a terrific, smashing blow on the point of the jaw. Without uttering a sound he flung his arms into the air and went down like a log.

"Run, Britisher, run!" shouted Scotty, and off we both rushed in the direction of the hill.

Hardly had we gone a hundred yards, however, when Scotty pulled up short, and of course I did the same.

"What's the matter?" I gasped out, impatiently. "You're not winded?"

"Winded? Of course not," he retorted, contemptuously. "I was thinking of his revolver. We ought to have taken it."

"You should have thought of that before," I answered, regretfully. "It's too late now."

And, indeed, it was, for at that instant, looking

back, we saw our erstwhile jailer rise slowly and painfully to a sitting posture.

"Get a move on you!" shouted Scotty, as he bounded forward once more.

The next instant a shot rang out, and then another, and another. The brute was firing at us with his long-barrelled, heavy-calibre revolver, sitting on the ground and using the crook of his arm as a rest.

But it is no easy matter to shoot a man who is running his hardest and zigzagging at the same time. The bullets pit-patted all round us, kicking up little balloon-shaped balls of dust,

That night we slept on the ground in our damp clothes, for we had no matches, and in any case we should hardly have dared to light a fire, for fear of attracting the attention of possible pursuers.



"Scotty landed the ruffian a terrific, smashing blow on the point of the jaw."

but not one touched us, and before many minutes were over we were out of range beyond the crest of the hill. We dashed down the other side and into the river just as we were, without stopping to remove our clothes. Then we struck into the swampy forest country, keeping to the higher ground as well as we could, and setting our course by the sun.

The next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and feeling now that we were fairly safe we stayed where we were long enough to dry our clothes thoroughly. Then we started off again, setting our course towards the Mississippi, which I reckoned to be between thirty and forty miles from where we first broke away.

About noon we came to a small clearing,

where was a negro's hut, surrounded by about a couple of acres of cultivated land. I had no money, but Scotty had a few dollars, and the proprietor made no difficulty about selling us food.

He called to his wife, a buxom dame, black as a coal, like himself, and all smiles, eyes, and teeth, and she at once set about preparing a meal.

In due course we sat down to it, and, needless to say, we did full justice to the fare provided, for we were ravenously hungry. Besides a bountiful supply of corn-bread, beans, and bacon the good lady had baked us a pumpkin pie, and there was coffee, with a huge, piled-up dish of "flannel" cakes, sweetened with maple sugar. I thought that I had never in all my life tasted anything so delicious.

Our host and his wife ate their midday meal at the same time as ourselves, but at a separate table, for in the Southern States of America not even the poorest white man will consent to sit at meat with a coloured person. The blacks look upon this as quite a matter of course, and do not resent it in the least.

After dinner, and a pipe, I asked the negro how far it was to the Mississippi. He told us that it was about ten miles in a straight line, but that the swamps were well-nigh impassable for a stranger as one got nearer to the river, and that the track, which wound in and out, was difficult to follow. If we tried to take any short cuts, he said, we should almost certainly get bogged, and might easily lose our lives, adding that if we cared to stay where we were until the next morning he would be pleased to go with us and show us the way, as he had a friend living on the bank of the river thereabouts, whom he wanted to visit.

As we were in no hurry, and badly in need of a rest, we gladly fell in with his proposal. Both the negro and his wife seemed quite pleased with our company, and no wonder, for according to them very few people ever came that way.

We started for the Mississippi directly after breakfast next morning, accompanied by our guide, and very glad I was, when I saw the sort of country we were in, that we had not tried to get through by ourselves. The trail wound in and out amongst the swamps in such a way that no one unacquainted with it could possibly have followed it, while to stray aside from it would almost certainly have meant an awful and lingering death in the bottomless bogs which everywhere surrounded us.

At about noon we struck the Mississippi, here a mighty, turbid stream more than two miles broad. Both Scotty and I were anxious to get across to the opposite bank, feeling that

then we should be perfectly safe from pursuit; but how to accomplish the feat was the difficulty. There was no ferry, and, of course, no bridge. In fact, there was not even a house or habitation of any sort in sight, that of the negro squatter, whom our host had come to visit, being situated a little way inland in another direction.

However, luck was in our way for once. While we were seated on the bank discussing ways and means, our negro friend having meanwhile taken his departure, a small boat propelled by a solitary oarsman suddenly made its appearance round a bend in the river just above us, and quite close in to our side of the stream.

Scotty promptly hailed the rower, and asked him how much he would take to ferry us across. He at once pulled in to the bank and, with what I thought at first to be an uncalled-for exhibition of inquisitiveness, asked us where we were bound for.

I answered curtly, "The other side of the Mississippi," whereupon he explained that he had only asked because he himself was going to Greenville, two hundred miles down the river, and if our route lay in that direction he would be pleased to give us a lift in return for our assistance at the oars. To this proposal, of course, we readily agreed, and we were soon making good progress, with a five-mile current in our favour to help us along.

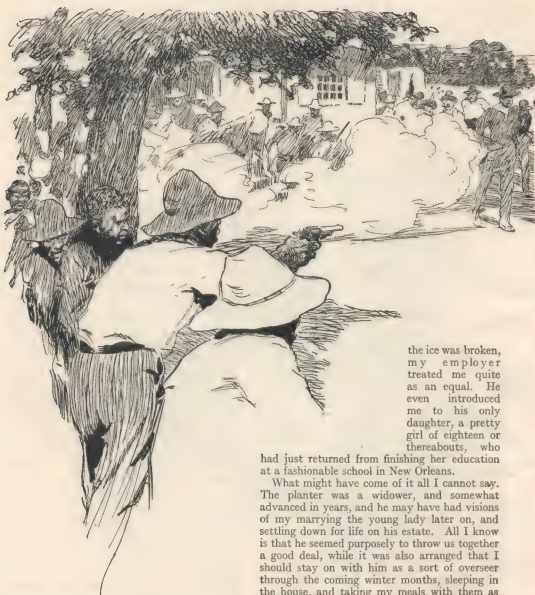
The voyage occupied us five days. At night we used to pull in to the bank and sleep round a fire purposely built of green wood to drive away the mosquitoes. We also pulled in three times a day for breakfast, dinner, and supper, the regular charge made for each of these meals by the small farmers and squatters living along the banks being twenty-five cents.

As we had by this time no available funds, however, our hosts readily agreed to allow us to pay for our grub by chopping up a certain quantity of firewood. No coal is burnt in these parts, and the labour of chopping up the logs with a huge, broad-bladed axe is pretty irksome, so that farmers and others in most of the Western States are usually quite willing to accept this form of payment in kind for food, which really costs them little or nothing.

Arrived at Greenville, Scotty and I parted company, he going down the Mississippi as a "roustabout," or deck-hand, on a river steamer, while I got work cotton-picking on a big plantation about ten miles from the town.

One evening, after I had been working there about a week or ten days, the planter somewhat surprised me by asking me into his house to smoke a cigar with him.

"I would like to have a chat with you," he said, almost deferentially. "I know you are an



"The darkies fired a return volley from their revolvers."

Englishman, and I can see you are a gentleman, and English gentlemen are not so common hereabouts that we can afford to ignore them."

That first chat was the beginning of quite a close intimacy. The Southerners, I may explain, are very partial to Englishmen, because we took their part in the great Civil War which broke out over the question of slavery in 1861; and, once

the ice was broken, my employer treated me quite as an equal. He even introduced me to his only daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen or thereabouts, who

had just returned from finishing her education at a fashionable school in New Orleans.

What might have come of it all I cannot say. The planter was a widower, and somewhat advanced in years, and he may have had visions of my marrying the young lady later on, and settling down for life on his estate. All I know is that he seemed purposely to throw us together a good deal, while it was also arranged that I should stay on with him as a sort of overseer through the coming winter months, sleeping in the house, and taking my meals with them as one of the family.

Whatever his plans were, however, they were destined to be cut short by a terrible tragedy. We were just finishing our early dinner one evening, and it was still quite light, when a white man came galloping up to the front door, his horse a lather of foam, and shouted out that the negroes in Greenville had risen and were murdering all the whites.

This was serious news if true, and we lost no





time in saddling horses and starting for the town. On the road we passed several groups of negroes proceeding on foot in the same direction. They were all armed, and they eyed us sullenly as we passed, but made no attempt to molest us.

We found Greenville seething with excitement. The bother, it appeared, had started in a drunken affray between a negro and a white man earlier in the day, and had quickly developed into a fierce racial riot. Six white men had been killed, and at least twice that number of negroes, some of the bodies of the latter still lying about in the principal square in front of the town hall.

There was a large mob of blacks near here, all carrying revolvers, and my planter friend, who, it appeared, was a Justice of the Peace, rode up to them and urged them to disperse and return to their homes.

"There has been enough blood shed already," he said, "and if you take my advice I will have the whole matter inquired into, and I promise you that the guilty parties shall be punished, no matter whether they be white or black."

I think that his words would probably have borne good fruit, but at that moment a shot rang out from somewhere behind us, and one of the negroes he was talking to threw up his arms with a scream, and fell to the ground shot in the chest. Instantly the other darkies fired a return volley from their revolvers, and my friend dropped from his horse dead, with a bullet through his heart.

As soon as this happened the negroes broke and fled in all directions, pursued by the infuriated whites, who shot them down like rabbits. Altogether, I heard afterwards, some forty lives were lost in this deplorable outbreak.

The results to me personally were sufficiently serious, for a trustee was immediately appointed for the estate, the young lady was whisked away by a relative, and I was told, politely but firmly, that I could clear out then and there, as my services were no longer required.

As I had relied on being engaged as overseer through the winter, I had not saved anything out of my wages, but had bought some clothes and other things of which I stood badly in need. All the ready money I had in the world was two dollars and some few cents.

There was no local demand for labour just then, for the cotton crop was gathered, an operation which corresponds with our hop-picking, in that it attracts casual workers from all parts of the country. All these were now rapidly quitting the district, and I was strongly advised to do likewise, as otherwise I was assured I should starve to death during the coming winter.

So, with a heavy heart and a light pocket, I once more took to the road, setting my face towards New Orleans, a thousand miles or more distant, but where I was told there was plenty of work to be had cutting canes in the sugar plantations.





# OUR SHIPWRECK.

TOLD BY CAPTAIN E. J. NICHOLS AND SET  
DOWN BY H. J. SHEPSTONE.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. WIGFULL.

An exciting account of the sinking of a vessel in the Thames estuary. Although within sight of succour, the men on board spent twenty-two hours in the rigging, famished and wave-drenched, before they were seen and rescued.



F all the world's waterways, perhaps the busiest is the estuary of the Thames. There is a constant procession of ships, either inward or outward bound, from small sailing vessels and coasters to the monster liner or freighter. No waterway is so admirably lighted as the mouth of the Thames; what with the lighthouses, lightships, and lightbuoys, a sailor can find his way just as easily by night as by day. There are so many craft about, so many vigilant eyes ashore, that one would think, even if disaster overtook one, that rescue would be merely a matter of minutes. Yet only a few miles away from this great maritime highway, as our unfortunate experience proved, it is possible for a crew to experience all the terrors and discomforts associated with a shipwreck on some remote and barren coast.

That I am not exaggerating will, I think, be shown by an account of our unfortunate experience off Foulness Island, not far from Shoeburyness, in the early days of October last, when for a period of twenty-two hours our passenger, the mate, and myself were forced to seek refuge in the rigging of our sunken vessel, and were then only rescued through the lucky appearance in the neighbourhood of a Southend fisherman. The boat in question was the barge *And Co.*, belonging to Mr. H. Shropshire, of Blackwall, who owns a fleet of some of the finest sailing barges that ply from the Thames to the various East Coast ports.

I had been skipper of the barge for some seven

months, and had made several trips in her. I think I can claim to know something about the management of these craft, for I have been working upon them since I was a lad of seventeen. Although *And Co.* was by no means a new boat—being, in fact, one of the oldest in the fleet—she was in every way seaworthy and perfect in her equipment. She had a length of sixty-five feet, and was of the usual Thames barge rig, except that, being a “ketch” barge, her mizzen-mast was stepped on deck in front of the wheel, and carried a gaffsail instead of a small spritsail.

We had had a comfortable run from Blackfriars to Rochford, Essex, where we loaded up with a cargo of bricks. It was at half-past one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon that we left Rochford, bound for the wharf at Blackfriars. All told, there were three of us on board—the mate, a passenger, and myself. Our passenger was my father-in-law. It was virtually his first trip to sea, for he had never been farther than Blackwall on a boat before. Still, he knew something about ships and their ways, as he had spent his life working at the waterside. The weather was decidedly cold, and when we got “outside” I found a light wind blowing, but a nasty, choppy sea.

We had every anticipation, however, of a pleasant little trip up the estuary of the Thames, but our hopes were doomed to undergo a rapid change. During the night our boat, towing astern, managed to get adrift unperceived, and we saw no more of it. Worse was to

follow, for early next morning I discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak along her whale planking. It was impossible to get at the damage, on account of the cargo, and after a hasty examination, as the water was coming in fast, I decided to keep the pumps going and run the barge ashore. We were now off Foulness Island, on the Essex coast. We were some distance out in the open sea, as it is always advisable to keep clear of the numerous sandbanks hereabouts. Having made up my mind, I informed the others of my decision, and put the boat's head shorewards.

The mate and the passenger worked hard at the pumps while I steered. This was not easy, for the vessel rolled heavily, on account of the water she had shipped, and the choppy sea did not improve matters. However, I kept her straight as best I could, and very slowly we made our way landwards. I recognized that

our fate, now that we had lost the boat, depended upon successfully beaching the barge, and it would have been impossible to have

reached the shore by swimming; none of us were good for anything like such a distance, particularly in that rough, ice-cold sea. All of us worked our hardest—the mate at the pumps, the passenger with the sails or bailing out the ever-rising water, while I was kept fully occupied at the wheel. All of us were too busy to express our thoughts, but we knew that to sink where we were would in all probability be fatal, for the prospects of being picked up were decidedly remote. It is a low-lying, almost uninhabited coast, and ships pass a long way out, to avoid the Maplin and other sandbanks. There was nothing to do but to make a run for the land, trusting to good luck that the barge kept afloat till we reached shallow water, and to this end we strained every nerve.



Captain E. J. Nichols, who, with two companions, spent twenty-two hours in the rigging of the sunken barge "And Co."

*From a Photograph.*



The barge "And Co.," which sank off Foulness Island, in the Thames Estuary.

*From a Photograph.*

It was quite early in the morning when we discovered the leak, but the water gained more and more rapidly, spite of our utmost efforts, and soon the barge began to sink lower and lower

hold was full of water, and I realized, with our dead-weight cargo, that the end must be very close. I was already finding it exceedingly difficult to steer the vessel in her waterlogged



"The water crept up till the deck was awash."

in the water. All the time, however, the shore was coming nearer and nearer, for we drove our good vessel at the best pace she was capable of. About half-past six the mate reported that the

condition. Fortunately, the wind kept steady; if it had freshened or chopped about this story might never have been told.

While the other two men worked like Trojans

at the pumps we crept a little nearer, but now the barge was sinking rapidly at the head. How far away the shore seemed, and how slowly we appeared to move! Several times when the vessel dipped her nose I thought she would never rise again; but she was making a gallant struggle of it, and still she wallowed onwards towards safety.

A few hundred yards farther, and the water crept up till the deck was awash; but I still clung on to the wheel, determined to get as close in as possible. Meanwhile our passenger, who had done all that was possible, sought refuge in the rigging, where he was soon joined by the mate. Then—so slowly that the eye could hardly follow the process—our boat settled down and sank, the chilly water rising to my waist. The race was over!

There we were, some three and a half miles from shore. The boat had evidently foundered on a sandbank; her hull was totally submerged, as well as several feet of the mast. As I could see that the tide was not more than half in, this looked pretty serious, especially as the water was rough and looked like getting worse.

There was nothing for me to do but to join the other two in the rigging. Unfortunately, there had been no time for them to secure any provisions, and it was now impossible to get any from the cabin, which was, of course, under water. This proved a great misfortune, as our stay aloft turned out to be much longer than we expected. The passenger was dressed in my oilskins, so in the matter of clothing I knew he was all right, while my mate had his heavy overcoat on. I was glad of this, for the morning was bitterly cold.

Eagerly we looked around us, but nowhere could we see any sign of possible assistance. Seawards there were a few coasting craft on the horizon, much too far away to see us; shorewards nothing was visible but the line of low-lying land forming the coast of Foulness Island. All around us was a heaving, tumbling expanse of grey-coloured sea, flecked with white here and there where the chilly wind whipped it into foam.

It was now about half-past eight. The sun was shining brightly, and we could not only see the island, but the trees upon it. We could also discern, far away in the distance, the Swin Lightship and the Maplin Lighthouse.

To attract the attention of someone on shore or some passing ship was obviously the thing to do, and we certainly expected to accomplish this before long. But our efforts proved bitterly disappointing. We strained our eyes landwards, trying to make out figures upon the beach, and we shouted singly and also in unison until we were hoarse, but nobody appeared. Occasion-

ally we detected a sail on the horizon or the smoke of some passing steamer. Once we made sure we had been seen, for a schooner turned in our direction; but evidently she did not notice us, and sailed away. On another occasion it looked as if a coasting steamer was making towards us, but her course proved to be a little too far south.

As the tide rose it drove us higher and higher up the rigging, and, as I occupied the lowest position, I was repeatedly drenched by the spray. The sun warmed us a little, and we wrung out our drenched clothes as best we could. So the hours dragged wearily on, and our hearts became heavier as the prospects of an early rescue faded away. By the afternoon we felt famished with hunger, for we had virtually eaten nothing since the night before.

By evening the weather again turned bitterly cold, and there was a touch of frost in the air. The sea was now very rough, and the spray from the waves kept dashing over us. It looked as if we might have to spend the night in the rigging, and we shuddered at the thought, for we were wet, cold, and almost exhausted for want of food. I cheered my men up, however, by telling them that we should surely be able to make our presence known to the men on the Swin Lightship, which was not more than a mile and a half away. I had a quart tin of paraffin oil in my pocket, which I had snatched up before leaving the deck, and I explained how I would make a torch, as soon as it was dark enough, and that its flare was bound to be seen. The others were for making that torch there and then, but I knew it was virtually useless making a signal of this description in daylight. We had spent the day in waving our hats and coats, and they had not been seen; we would leave the torch till night.

So we patiently waited for the darkness. As the sun went down the rays from the lightships and lighthouses began to play over the heaving water and the powerful beam from the Swin Lightship kept passing over our heads as it swung round on its circular course. We were hoping that its welcome rays would reveal our presence, when I knew those on the vessel would lower their boat and come to our rescue. In the distance, also, we could detect the beams of the Maplin Lighthouse. But the lights came and went, the darkness and the cold increased, and still there was no sign of succour.

It was very trying for us, huddled up there in the rigging, cold and wet and hungry, to see those lights and know that help was so close at hand, yet seemingly beyond our reach.

At about ten o'clock we made our first distress signal. Taking off my coat, I drenched it with paraffin, and rolled it up so as to form a convenient



"We shouted until we were hoarse, and gradually the boat drew nearer and nearer."

torch. I then climbed up over the other men to the masthead and lit it. For quite ten minutes I swung it round and round over my head. I kept it on the move until the torch had been practically burnt away and there was nothing left to hold. The mate, plucking up his spirits at sight of the blaze, declared it put him in mind of the fireworks at the Crystal Palace. We felt sure the flare must have been seen, and stared anxiously towards the lightship. When the powerful beam again swung round in our direction we took off our caps and waved them frantically. But there was no response; apparently the signal, which looked so bright to us, had not been noticed.

We were terribly disappointed, of course, but determined to keep on; so I made a second, and then another and another—five in all. The second one was a lighted towel, the others consisting of our neck wrappers. All of them failed, however, and when the last one flickered out we could do nothing more in this direction, because all our oil had been exhausted.

The burning of my clothes in this way meant that I was left in the wind-swept rigging in my shirt-sleeves, with nothing whatever to protect my arms and neck from the bitter cold. In spite of our bad luck with the flares, we did not give up hopes of being seen as the night wore on. When the rays from the lightship passed over us we could even detect the trees on the distant shore, and it seemed impossible that we could remain much longer unobserved. Many vessels passed in the distance, as we could tell by the lights, but they, of course, did not notice us.

Towards midnight there was a sharp frost, and it became colder than ever. This added greatly to our discomfort, particularly in our wet and famished condition. Every now and then I had to beat my breast with my hands to keep the blood in circulation, as I was getting numbed and frozen with the cold, and feared that I might topple out of the rigging.

So the night wore on. It was terribly lonely, perched up there in the darkness, and our spirits sank lower and lower. The chilly wind whistled mournfully round us, and the spray which broke over us kept us continually drenched. The mate, apparently, did not worry greatly, for he managed to obtain several snatches of sleep—probably on account of his physical weakness as the result of our trying labours to beach the vessel. Our passenger occasionally burst out into song; he said it kept him warm and made him forget his perilous position.

Never did men welcome the coming of dawn more joyfully than we did. When the first rays of the sun appeared over the horizon we climbed up a little higher and strove to wring the water out of our sodden clothes. We were weak and exhausted and very, very hungry. We realized now that our vessel had gone down in a lonely spot, and how to attract attention or get ashore was a puzzle. We racked our brains in our efforts to find a means of escape, and someone suggested building a raft; but this was impracticable, because we had no tools with which to work. How we sighed for that lost boat!

Things looked serious, for it was obvious that we could not hold out much longer. We had spent twenty-two hours in the rigging—a day and a night—and no one had noticed us or our signals. I seriously thought of making an attempt to swim to the shore, despite the rough sea, but finally decided that a three-and-a-half-mile swim through heavy waves, in my weakened condition, was quite impossible. It was while I was cogitating the matter that I caught sight of a vessel in the distance. We looked earnestly in her direction, and saw that she had stopped. A little later we imagined we saw a boat coming towards us. Sure enough, our luck had changed—the boat was approaching us. We shouted until we were hoarse, and gradually the boat drew nearer and nearer until it reached the foot of the rigging.

Our rescuer turned out to be Mr. W. Waller Robinson, a fisherman of Southend, who owns the smack *Volunteer*. He had come out dredging off Foulness Island, and, noticing our distress signal—an old towel, flying from the mast-head—through his glasses, lowered his boat and came to our rescue. It was now about half-past six, and a high sea was running. We were taken on board the *Volunteer*, which at once made for Southend, where we were given a hearty breakfast. Mr. Robinson deserves every praise for his gallant action. During the last twenty-six years he has rendered assistance to about a hundred vessels and twenty-six barges in distress in the Thames estuary, and has saved many lives.

After a much-needed rest we left Southend again for the scene of the wreck, determined to raise the barge if possible. This was finally accomplished, after great difficulty, and we eventually arrived at Blackfriars, almost a week overdue, after an experience none of us are likely to forget.

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# Housekeeping in Cairo.

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*From a)*

Feeding camels in the market-place.

*[Photograph.*

BY MRS. CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER.

The quaint experiences of a young couple who, tiring of hotel life, decided to set up housekeeping in Cairo.



WE found we were to be in Cairo three months, and as we took our afternoon walks or drives we were impressed with the number of houses on which the sign, "Appartments for Rent," was displayed. We said nothing at first, wondering when the psychological moment would arrive to approach the subject of housekeeping. We were staying at an hotel, and there

were seven weighty reasons why we should not remain there for three months, the first being the fact that it cost two pounds per day, not including extras and tips; the other six reasons do not matter.

We decided to go up the Nile as far as Luxor, and the night before we started I went across the street to the book store where we bought our papers and magazines and had our



pictures developed, and opened my heart to the little Greek proprietress who had always been so accommodating. She was Cairo-born, and might perhaps help me, I thought. I explained to her that I wanted to keep house, that we were tired of sitting through long course dinners where we had to wait until everyone else had finished their course before the little bell announced that another might be served. We fully realized the beauty of the big red and white dining-room, and the dexterity of the Arab waiters, picturesque in their spotless white gowns, with red fez and belt, but we had been eating in big dining-rooms for many months in sundry hotels all over the world, and the novelty had worn off. We were longing for a nice beefsteak and potatoes, and the kind of sociability that props a paper against the sugar-bowl and a book against the fruit-dish, and only talks when there is something to say, or else keep silent without the feeling that the woman at the next table is saying, "Do look at that couple, John. They have not spoken for twenty minutes. I am *sure* they are married."

My sympathetic listener, to whom I poured out my woes, understood me perfectly. In her nice broken English she said, "Madame was quite right. Hotel life was intolerable." She would give me the name of a most charming man who had a bureau of location (a house agency), and he would find me a place that would bring me all happiness. She was so enthusiastic that my cynical soul, hardened by much travelling and repulsing the birds of prey that live upon tourists, immediately wondered if she would receive a commission upon the rent of the "apartment." Perhaps she bought her hats with the percentage received from "apartment" searchers.

Then I decided it could not be, as no one ever comes to Cairo to keep house. They hurry through on their way to Assuan or Luxor and the Tombs of the Kings, giving Cairo and the bazaars and the Pyramids a hurried look either going or coming. I learned later that she was only kindly, and really wished to help, which is the attitude of most of the people in Cairo when they see you are not a globe-trotter, with only thirty minutes to give to the Sphinx, and are therefore willing to pay a dollar a minute for the sight.

I returned to the hotel and wrote to the Greek gentleman with the unpronounceable name, telling him I would be in Cairo in about a month, and imploring his assistance. My letter was in French, which is a remarkably easy language to speak if you are not over particular in regard to the conjugations, but it is more difficult to write. It was evidently understood, however, for when I returned I found a

lady-like note in tiny French writing, telling me that the very place was awaiting me. Needless to say, I called immediately, and much to my surprise—I had judged him from his handwriting—I found the agent to be a big, stout Greek, looking like a retired brigand, with flashing black eyes, and teeth that glistened from beneath his iron-grey moustache.

He took me to several places that looked dubious, and I began to get discouraged. I sighed audibly, and told him that presumably I could not find exactly what I wanted, and should be compelled to sit for the rest of my life at an hotel. The gentleman from Greece stopped in the middle of the street.

"Madame wishes then *really* to keep house?" he asked.

I assented mournfully, wondering if my French was absolutely unintelligible. I had talked of housekeeping for two solid hours with him as I climbed one set of stairs after another. Now I went over the whole subject again. He listened respectfully, then he put his finger to one side of his nose.

"I see, I see," he said. "Madame is tired of the execrable food of the hotel. Madame has reason. She *shall* keep house. She shall have of the food of Cairo, the good food, the where there is no better. Ah! the young lamb! Madame, it is *delicieuse—delicieuse—delicieuse*, the little chicken which just now come in—beautiful—beautiful!"

And he kissed the tips of his fingers and blew the caress lightly into the air somewhere in the direction of Heliopolis. I was so delighted with this play that we stopped again in the middle of the road, and I was nearly run down by a man on a motor-cycle, who left behind him expletives in several languages as he flew by.

We found the place, three rooms with use of kitchen and laundry. It was on the third floor of a building that a few years ago was the fashionable hotel of Cairo, in the very centre of the city, within walking distance of everything one wants to see. But it was not the location that decided me so much as the view from the three windows of the big square sitting-room. From the north we looked over the brown Libyan hills, and from the east we saw the slow-moving Nile in the distance. There were no buildings higher than ours, and old Cairo with its mosques and minarets lay at our feet.

That night saw us installed, our books piled on the rather rickety bookshelves near to the desk, which was for the sole benefit of the man who works; trunks sent to some unknown place below, and arrangements made with the Armenian woman and Arab boy, who were to be our servants and guide us through the shoals

that might engulf us in our new venture. When they came to say "Good night," and the soft-voiced little Armenian murmured "Dormez bien," and the Arab touched his head and then his bosom, meaning, "I salute you with my head and with my heart," and as we leaned from our windows to watch the lights of Cairo, we decided there were no happier people in the world.

Much to the disgust of the Arab boy, whose name was Ramazan, I decided to go to the market with him. He explained that it was entirely unnecessary, but I also explained and insisted that I could tell nothing about the life of the native people unless I went out to see it. It would not come to me, and where can one see more of the real life of the common people than in the markets where they buy their food?

We went through little streets and alleys, the boy rushing as if he were going to a New York fire, while I tried to keep him in view and also look at the many queer sights that greeted me at every turn. When I looked up from admiring a camel making his way slowly down the crowded street, my boy would be some-



A syrupseller—Notice the block of ice, dotted with rose-leaves, which he carries in his jar.

From a Photograph.

where round the next corner or would come rushing back to find me, wondering what I could see in the stupid streets to attract me so.

The market is most cosmopolitan. Practically every known language is spoken there—English, French, Greek, Spanish, Italian, Turkish, and, of course, Arabic. French, however, prevails, for France had a strong linguistic hold on Egypt for many years previous to the British occupation. The fruit and vegetables are sold by native Egyptian men and women, but the butchers' shops are mainly in the hands of the French. I found to my sorrow while in Cairo that being a foreign tradesman is not a passport for honesty. There may be something in the air of Egypt, but the French shopkeepers, both big and little, have at least acquired one of the failings of the Arab—a lack of commercial probity. But where the Arab is satisfied with a small percentage, the wily Frenchman tries to figure of how much you can be mulcted without making an outcry, and then proceeds. One must be cautious while in Cairo, to say the least.

The vegetable market is extremely good. Every known variety is temptingly displayed, and at most reasonable prices—for the Arab buyer. For instance, when I bought tomatoes I could get four for two piastres—about fivepence—but Ramazan could get for the same money ten great luscious beauties which he would choose from a basket, putting aside all that were not perfect, and which were sold to unsophisticated shoppers like myself. One is beset by hawkers who carry baskets of oranges on their heads, or by the lemon-man who carries his goods concealed somewhere about his person. The strawberry-man is always in evidence, and will follow one all over the market, endeavouring to persuade one to try his wares. In many foreign cities it would be impossible to buy in the public market-place, but Cairo is so large and has such a mixed population that you find yourself only one of many, here lost in the stream of cosmopolitanism. English women are there, French, Armenian, Soudanese, Jewesses, and Turkish, but no native women except those who are selling produce of some kind.

At the entrance of the market are porters sitting beside their baskets to carry home the purchases of people who have not brought



The seller of oranges.  
From a Photograph.

a servant, and little girls wander about, begging with pretty gestures to be allowed to take your basket upon their heads and carry it for you. They charge about half the price of the licensed porters, and it is needless to say they are chased from one place to another by the men who have paid for this chance to earn their living. In the market are Italian shops, where macaroni and pastes dear to the Italian heart are sold, and Greek stalls that handle specialities from Greece. Imported delicacies from every country may be found, and for those who have a "sweet tooth" Cairo is a paradise. Besides the foreign French *patisseries* which sell the delicate cakes that make one think of the tea-shops in Paris, there are Syrian cake-shops, and queer places where one may buy Turkish sweets with the flavour of attar of roses. The Egyptians have within their bakeries great trays of cakes, altogether too rich, but so delicious that one forgets that greediness has its own reward.

On the way to the market we met barrow-men with great heaps of tender cucumbers that are eaten as a fruit by the natives, old and young alike. When one sees tiny children sitting on the kerbs crunching with delight the cucumbers, skin and all, one is not surprised that the officials state that sixty-five per cent. of the babies born in Cairo die before they are four years old.

The woman selling sugar-cane and my orange woman sat side by side upon the dusty street, gossiping and laughing between sales, flashing their black eyes from over their veils as they



A Cairo policeman.  
From a Photograph.

begged of the passers-by to eat of the sweet oranges or buy the succulent sugar-cane, if only to whiten the teeth. The orange woman was especially pretty, with a shy, sweet smile that tried to distract my attention from the bad orange she was slipping into my basket. Her lips were tattooed in little stars that extended in three



From a corner of the market. (Photograph.)

lines over her chin and was lost in the necklaces that she wore. Her black gown hung in straight folds to her feet, and over it was a black shawl that covered her entirely, and was held in place under her left arm. On her bare ankles were many cheap silver anklets, and her arms held bracelets of silver and glass that clinked as she moved.

A camel wandered through the narrow alleys with two enormous baskets of lettuce attached to his pack saddle. He paid no attention to the world in general, looking as if he were still on the desert, with only the tropical sky above him and the sands beneath his padded feet.

A camel may have a most undignified load—sacks of onions, or great pieces of sugar-cane trailing far behind him in the roadway—but he always holds his head proudly, and seems conscious of his dignity. The Arabs tell you that he comes by his manner in a most legitimate way, and has just cause to be proud. Every good Mohammedan knows the ninety-nine names of Allah, but the secret of the hundredth name has been whispered only in the ear of the camel, and he will never tell it. It is this knowledge of the confidence that has been reposed in him that gives him his arrogant look and carriage.

I found it impossible to buy of the itinerant merchants, because I could tell nothing about the weight. Their scales have as weights a piece of brass, a rock, a few nails, and perhaps a little



One of the licensed market porters.  
From a Photograph.

sand sprinkled on the balance to help it to adjust itself. Yet their cheating is generally infinitesimal, and it is worth the money to watch the process and perhaps get a snapshot.

The market people found me an easy customer,



From a)

The donkey-man who sells spinach.

[Photograph.]

but when I took the Armenian woman for guide—her name, by the way, was Soupruk Poutik, and we called her "Spittook" for short—they met their Waterloo. My first day's experiences with her were enough. I expected every moment to be landed in the police-station. She beat an orange-man, who was helpless, and who scattered oranges throughout the market trying to get away from her. She wrangled with the egg-man, who looked like a peaceable little fat god amongst his eggs until this termagant called him a thief, and the son of a thief, and the father of generations of thieves, because he would not give eleven eggs for five-pence instead of ten. On the way home she went to a barrow-man to buy from him a green vegetable, looking something like parsley. I sat down on a box in the shade of a small shop, knowing it would be a process of much length and argument, as Spittook intended spending at least a sixpence of her own money. She carefully chose the different pieces of vegetable, and they were weighed. Spittook put one more piece on

the scales; the man took it out. Spittook put it back; then they argued. The man rolled his eyes, struck attitudes, beat his chest, struck his forehead. He was being robbed, he declared; his family would starve, etc., etc.

In the meantime a big, awkward, half-grown goose came waddling along, looking like a bad boy playing truant. He loafed past the pushcart, casting a mischievous eye aloft to see what he might chance to find lying unprotected. Lo! there was a small piece of green hanging over the side. He rose up on his toes; he could

just reach it. In pulling it down another became loosened, and another, and another, and as the man and Spittook wrangled over one little morsel at least ten went down the throat of Mr. Gosling. Just as Spittook won the argument and added the extra piece to her basket, the man turned and saw the goose struggling with an especially succulent piece of his precious vegetable. His face was a tragedy, and we left him calling down curses upon women and geese alike, but with an added emphasis upon the women.



The egg-man, with whom the Authoress had many a wrangle over prices. [Photograph.]

Housekeeping is made easy in Cairo through the labour of the Arab women. The laundry work was done by a tall, dark woman, who looked far too stately as she entered, robed in her long black gown and the all-enveloping shawl, to be merely the laundry woman. She sat beside a shallow tub and rubbed the clothes with her hands, boiled them over a charcoal fire in a Standard Oil tin, and rinsed them in another. She had no conveniences whatever, but her work was well done, and the blessed sunshine and the dry air aided her. Half an hour on

It is made into slates for the youth in the native schools, and it is the storing place of vegetables, flour, beans, and clothing. In fact, I have been in little



From a Photograph. Fetching water.



The sewing-machine woman — The natives carry everything on their heads that can possibly be balanced there. From a Photograph.



The Egyptian washerwoman. From a Photograph.

the roof, and the linen was dry and dazzling, bleached by the scorching African sun.

The Standard Oil Company surely conferred a blessing upon Egypt when it invented the oil tin. It is used by the women who carry water instead of the picturesque jar they formerly balanced upon their heads. It is the universal garbage tin of the poor in Egypt.

huts which had no furniture except half-a-dozen oil tins along one side of the room, and a big dish in which to cook the food over the three stones which served as stove. For chairs and table and bed the beaten earth was sufficient.

The working women of Cairo have a most majestic carriage that comes from the habit of carrying all their burdens on their heads. Sometimes one sees most ludicrous things carried in this manner, as when I opened my door one day and saw a woman standing with a hand sewing-machine nicely balanced upon her head. She wished to do my plain sewing. I had no work for her, but she earned a day's wages by posing for her picture, and went away very happy.

When I was ready to leave Cairo I gave an American blue-flame oil stove to a friend, and she sent her cook for explanations in regard to its use. I lighted it for him and showed him the inner mechanism. According to the etiquette of oil stoves, it takes about ten minutes for the oil to burn entirely out and extinguish the flame. The cook was in a hurry and would not wait, and against all my remonstrances he placed the

stove upon his head, and the last I saw of him he was walking calmly down the crowded street with a flame at least a foot high shooting out from his apparently lighted turban.

There is one place in which you can buy everything, from a cake to the furniture of a drawing-room or even clothing. At the restaurants, where the tables are out of doors, the itinerant salesmen pass by, offering their wares to the diners. One may not speak too highly in regard to the quality of these articles, but their quantity and variety are, to say the least, astonishing. There are men with strawberries, fried fish, tables, lamps, bread, cakes, kitchen utensils, children's underclothes, kimonos, live chickens, cooked meats, handkerchiefs, pictures framed and unframed, men's haberdashery, shoes, sandalwood boxes, Indian shawls, stationery, all sorts of things. You take a mouthful of soup and refuse to buy your slippers while dining, and just have time to look at the fish before you tell the nice-looking Indian man that you do not care to smell his sandalwood fans, and it goes on *ad infinitum* until you make your escape. If it is not the small merchants who are trying to get your pennies it is the jugglers, or the tumblers, or the musicians. The latter, of all kinds and descriptions, from the old men with a little hand-organ or the funny native with his reed pipe, which he blows mournfully in someone's ear until he is paid to stop, to the three men who really play very well and who look like Spanish dons, or the girl and her mother who play the mandolins. They all come and ask "baksheesh."

Cairo did not lose its charm for us. There was always something new to see, and the old sights did not seem to tire us.

There are two hundred and sixty-four mosques in Cairo, besides innumerable shrines. A few of the mosques are beautiful, and they impress one with their dignity and calm. There is nothing tawdry in even the poorest mosque, and the worshippers bowing, rising, and reverently touching their foreheads to the floor make one want to learn more of this wonderful religion and the Prophet who has still such a hold upon

two hundred and fifty million people in the Eastern world. One hears the name of Allah upon the lips of everyone, and always with reverence. It is the first name whispered into the ear of the new-born child, and it is the last name-heard by the dying. To the Westerner it seems a man's religion, as women are not seen in public worship. Mohammed said that the presence of females inspired a different kind of devotion from that which is requisite in a place dedicated to the worship of God. I asked a devout Moslem if there was a heaven for women. He said, "Certainly," but when I demanded a more concrete answer to my question and said, "Where, and of what does it consist?" he said, "Oh, they have a place to themselves, where they can sit and talk and talk."

Housekeeping made life very easy for us in Cairo, and needless to say the expense was so much lessened that it gave us a feeling of independence we did not have at the hotel. We worked, we played, we saw Cairo as few see it. We read of Egypt and her Pharaohs and her

past grandeur, and we looked about us and saw Egypt with her new civilization, her thirst for education, her dawning respect for women, and we felt that there is a great leavening process at work in this land of the Nile. Perhaps it is Egypt awakening to a new industry, to a new self-government. Perhaps it is the influence of England, who holds this country in her firm but just grasp, or it is the realization of the dreams of the missionaries who have been working so long with apparently few results, or it may be the fruits of that faith that made our black Berber door-keeper kneel down by the side of the steps, his face towards Mecca, and utter his prayer, oblivious of the world that came and went beside him. It called to us five times a day from the minaret on the mosque near by, and this call to prayer had the deep, earnest note of a religion that influences all Egypt. We heard it in the morning before the day broke, and as we threw back the blinds to have a good-night look at the lights of Cairo, the muezzin's voice came to us in his solemn chant.



A Cairene lady in street attire.  
From a Photograph.



# ODDS AND ENDS.

"Pelorus Jack" — Fishing with Cormorants — The Hair-Harvest of Brittany, etc.



THE New Zealanders watch over their remarkable marine curiosity, "Pelorus Jack," with the utmost solicitude, and when he disappears for a space all the newspapers chronicle the fact. With reference to our recent article on "Pelorus Jack," we reproduce here with two extracts from New Zealand journals which have just reached us, and which speak for themselves. "Jack," as our readers are aware, is protected by a special Order in Council, but in the ordinary course of Nature he cannot "go on for ever," and when the time comes that he reappears no more to escort ships across his "beat" there will probably be great mourning in the Dominion.

The wonderful ingenuity and patience of the Chinaman is well shown by the skilful way in which he has trained the cormorant to fish for him. The bird is taken when young, and then, with infinite care, taught to catch fish for its owner. A metal ring is placed round its neck, fitting close enough to prevent it from swallowing the larger fish, yet sufficiently loose to allow the small ones to pass down its throat—its reward for working. A sort of harness is rigged about the body of the bird, by means of which it is lowered into the sea and lifted out again into the boat. A cord of spruce fibre, about a dozen feet in length,

## A FAMOUS FISH

### Pelorus Jack Missing

By Telegraph—Press Association  
Wellington, Tuesday

OWING to reports of the disappearance of Pelorus Jack, enquiries made of masters of steamers trading to Nelson show that this celebrated fish has not been seen for six to eight months. The absence from his usual haunts is so much more prolonged than usual that fears are expressed that Jack has fallen a victim to some whaling party.

### Pelorus Jack

#### Sighted by the Breeze

By Telegraph—Press Association.

Timaru, Thursday

Mr J H. Scott, an officer of the Breeze, states that he saw Pelorus Jack for a couple of hours on the 24th of this month, so fears of the fish's death may be set aside.

These cuttings refer to "Pelorus Jack," concerning whom we published an article some time ago.

the region called this but, be that as it may, it is certainly very ancient.

prevents the bird from straying too far, while it also enables the fisherman to control and guide its movements. The fishing is always done at night, and this is the reason why it is difficult to get a good set of pictures of cormorant-fishing. When all is ready the birds are lowered into the water, and as soon as they have filled their capacious mouths they are pulled into the boat and the fish they have been unable to swallow taken away from them. They are then put back into the water, and so the fishing continues. Torches are used to illumine the scene; it is the light, of course, that attracts the fish. A well-trained cormorant will catch a hundred to a hundred and fifty good-sized fish an hour—a record that leaves the average human angler hopelessly beaten.

We have next to consider a photograph of a curious natural rock formation at Yellow Springs, Green County, Ohio, situated in a rocky gorge near the sulphur springs from which the town takes its name. The column stands some twelve feet high, is between six and seven feet in diameter at the base, and tapers to about two and a half feet at the thinnest part. The large rock perched on top measures about six feet by four feet. It is said that the former Indian inhabitants of rock the "Old Man of the Woods," may, it is certainly very ancient.



Fishing with cormorants—The Chinese show wonderful ingenuity and skill in training these birds.

From a Photograph.



## The Winged Message

Noah's messenger was a dove. In Solomon's time, pigeons were trained to carry messages. Brutus used them at the siege of Modena. They served the Turks in their fights against the Crusaders. In mediæval wars they were more useful than ever before.

France had a carrier-pigeon mail service, with messages reduced by photography and read through a microscope.

Even today carrier pigeons are utilized as news-bearers in isolated parts of Europe.

In America, the land of the telephone, the carrier pigeon is bred only for racing. The winged word has taken the place of the winged messenger.

Pigeons may fly more than a mile a minute, but the telephone is as quick as speech itself.

The dove is the emblem of peace. The telephone is the instrument of peace. The telephone lines of the Bell System unite a hundred million people in one national family.

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## ODDS AND ENDS.



The "Old Man of the Woods," a curious natural monument in Ohio.

[Photograph.]

When the correspondent who sent us the above photograph first saw the rock he thought he could push the "cap-stone" off with his hands, but soon discovered that he was mistaken.

All sorts of animals are pressed into service as beasts of burden in various parts of the world. In Tibet, for instance, sheep and goats are used as pack-animals, and the photograph next reproduced shows a flock of these animals, well loaded, on their way to the Rampur Fair, in India. The hardy little beasts take over



Sheep and goats are used as pack-animals in Tibet—The little beasts here shown are on their way to the Rampur Fair, a month's journey.

From a Photo. by J. G. Potter.

a month on the long and arduous journey, traversing on the way several high passes, where other pack-animals would be useless. Once in the plains and their loads delivered, they are kept in the plains during the winter and then sent back with a stock of grain for Tibet and regions on the border where food-stuffs are scarce.

In the Hawaiian Islands the natives carry their supply of water about with them in long bamboo tubes, the joints of which have been knocked out. The girl shown in the photograph below is in the act of making her way to a near-by spring with the family "water-jug." She patiently fills the long hollow in the bamboo with water, blocking up the end with a wooden plug. This is then carried to the hut, and lasts the



A quaint water-jug—The natives of the Hawaiian Islands use bamboos, with the joints knocked out, for carrying water in.

From a Photograph.

family for several days, keeping cool and sweet in this novel receptacle. The larger bamboo trunks are used in the same way as receptacles for storing various household commodities.

It is at Easter time that the curious "hair-harvest" of Brittany is "reaped" by the travelling merchants, who go from village to village buying the beautiful hair for which the Breton belles are famous. This is later

## Reaping Rewards from Resolutions

By FRANKLIN O. KING

Do You Remember That Old Story about Robert Bruce and the Spider? Robert was Hiding in a Cave. His Enemies Had Him "In the Hole," Temporarily, So to Speak, As It Were. While Reflecting on the Rocky Road to Royalty, Robert, the Bruce, Espied a Spider Spinning His Web Over the Entrance to the Cavern. Nine Times Did the Spider Swing Across the Opening in a Vain Attempt to Effect a Landing, but the Tenth Time he Touched the Home Plate, and Robert, admiring the Persistence of the Insect, Cried Out Loud - "Bravo," Two or Three Times, One Right After the Other. Shortly After That Bruce Got Busy and Captured a Kingdom.

All of This Preamble is Intended to Point a Moral, which is - "If At First You Don't Succeed, Slap on More Steam, and Sand the Track." In this Connection I want to Inquire about Your New Year's Resolutions, and to Ask If You Have Kept the Faith, and If Not - Why Not? *I Believe the Pathway to Prosperity is Paved with Good Resolutions. Therefore, let Us Resolve, and Keep Resolving until Victory is Perched on our Banners.* Remember, You Have Fought Many a Victorious Waterloo that the World Knows Nothing About. The Man who Gets Up every Time He Falls Down Will Some Day Cease to be a "Fall Guy." *Good Resolutions Will Be Rewarded with Rich Realizations, and It Shall Follow as the Night the Day.*

How Much Better Off are You than Last Year, or the Year Before That? Perhaps Your Wages are a Little Higher, but Have not Your Expenses More than Kept Pace with That Increase? Aren't You Paying a Little More for Your Clothes and Your Meals, and don't You Smoke More Expensive Cigars and more of Them than Formerly? If It isn't Cigars, It may be Something Else - Some More Expensive Habit.

A Man Begins To Go Down Hill at Forty, and the time may come when a Younger Man - perhaps a *Cheaper Man* - will fill your job. The Man Who Looks Ahead will prepare himself for that time by getting a Home. My advice to You, therefore, is to Get a Home while you are able to do so and Begin Now. I would further advise you to Get a Home in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas.

Since Investigating Conditions in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, I have no Fear of Old Age

or Poverty, because I know I can Take up a Few Acres down there and be *Absolutely Independent*. I am Firmly Convinced that with *Average Intelligence and Average Industry*, any Man who is now Working His Head off in the North to make a Bare Living, where they Snatch One Crop between Snowstorms and Blizzards, can soon Lay Up a Nice Bank Account in the *Winter Garden of America*. Come to the *Land of Least Resistance*, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year on the Same Soil and Without a Dollar's Worth of Expense for Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Twenty-Five Cents a Day if You Tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries and early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1,000 an acre growing Oranges in our Country.

Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

One German Truck Grower on adjoining lands last spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of Strawberries. You could do as well if you only Tried, and on a Ten-Acre Tract Find **Financial Freedom**.

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Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products



The human "hair-harvest" of Brittany—The picture shows the buyer snipping off a girl's tresses, while other girls are awaiting their turn. [Argus, Milan.]

destined to be made up into the "transformations," "fringes," and other mysterious arrangements with which ladies less abundantly endowed by Nature make up their shortcomings in the matter of "woman's crowning glory." The clients of the hair-buyers are chiefly country lasses in the remoter districts, who are only too pleased to sell their tresses in order to obtain a little money to spend at

the Easter fairs. The photograph reproduced above shows the hair-merchant—heartless vandal!—in the act of cutting a girl's hair off, while others are standing around, waiting their turn to be shorn. The cheerful expression on their faces shows that they do not look on the loss of their locks as a very distressing business. The "harvest," however, is said not to be so

good as formerly, as with the spread of education and the love of display many girls prefer to keep their hair.

Every day our overflowing post-bags bring us fresh evidence of the world-wide nature of our circulation; and wherever THE WIDE WORLD goes it makes friends. Here is a quaint little snapshot from the far-away Philippine Islands, showing the chief of a Batak village in the interior gravely occupied in explaining the cover picture of THE WIDE WORLD—in this case an incident from Mrs. Roby's "White Woman in the Congo"—to an attentive audience of juveniles. It would be interesting to know just what sort of explanation the worthy chief gave his unsophisticated hearers, inasmuch as the story behind the picture must have been just as incomprehensible to him as to the youngsters.



"The Wide World" in the Philippines—A Batak chieftain explaining the pictures to a group of youngsters. [Photograph.]



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Structural Engineer	Industrial Designing
Concrete Construction	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teaching
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Race Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Pruning & Steam Fitting
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Textile Manufacturing	Languages
Gas Engineers	Chemist
	French
	German

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Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

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# Man and His Needs

## "The Poison Belt"

A new story by Conan Doyle is an event in the literary world and we believe that all readers of this magazine will be interested to know that this famous author's latest story—"The Poison Belt"—commences in the April STRAND MAGAZINE, which will be published about the 21st inst. Conan Doyle is always at his best when dealing with scientific problems and in "The Poison Belt" he handles a subject which is very near his heart. Professor Challenger is a character that promises to become as popular as Sherlock Holmes, and if we can persuade you to read the first installment of "The Poison Belt" we shall have no fear that you will not read the story to the end.

## Conan Doyle At Home

In the same number of THE STRAND appears an illustrated article by A. St. John Adcock entitled "Arthur Conan Doyle: A Study of the Man and his Books." The personality of Conan Doyle is not very well-known, in fact he has always shrunk from publicity, claiming that it is his books the people are interested in, not the author. This, as most people will agree, is not quite true. Every one is interested in the man who does things and we believe that Mr. Adcock's article will be read with keen interest by all to whom the name of Conan Doyle has become a household word.

## A Great Magazine

THE STRAND is probably the best-known magazine in the world, for it is to be found in every country where the English language is spoken. It has introduced some of the most famous writers to the reading public and more of its stories have been dramatized than can be said of any other half-dozen magazines. Besides the Doyle story in the April issue there will be another feature of interest, viz.: the commencement of a serial story by Baroness Orczy entitled "Unto Caesar; a Tale of Roman Days." The story is of absorbing interest and should be appreciated by all who enjoyed the late General Wallace's "Ben Hur."

## The Bulging Pocket

As a rule, it is a comfortable thought that one's pockets are far from empty, though there are times when appearances demand that we shall carry as little in these receptacles as possible. A reader who hails from Boston—where "style" and "good taste" are supposed to predominate—declares that when wearing evening dress he never carries a thing in his pockets save a very thin watch and a thinner card case. This reminds us of the man who never carried a latch-key as "it spoiled his figure." However, the fact remains that filling one's pockets with cigarette case, pocket-book, letters, etc., does spoil the sit of an evening coat, and we therefore give publicity to our Boston friend's remarks.

## Varieties in Shirts

The new shirts are "out," and as we have been privileged to see about a thousand different patterns we are in a position to say a few words about the latest styles. The first thing that strikes one in viewing the new shirts is the fact that stripes still "rule the

roost." Stripes seem to please every one, and so long as this is the case stripes will predominate. Figure designs, however, seem to be gaining favor and even a combination pattern of stripe and figure. Narrow pleatings promise to continue popular while the plain negligée with soft or laundered cuffs for summer wear will continue to be worn. Some of the tuck silk bosom shirts—created for the man who is in a position "to throw his money around"—are retailed at \$10 a garment.

## Your Automobile "Togs"

Motorists, as all the world knows, are increasing in number every day—one might almost say every hour—and as a consequence the demand for suitable automobile clothing is constantly on the increase. Thanks to our clothiers keeping "abreast of the times," it is now possible to obtain automobile furnishings of every description ready made. Suits specially adapted to withstand all kinds of weather can be purchased at moderate prices, and there are few go-ahead retail clothiers who do not have a department specially devoted to the requirements of the motorist. Perhaps the most necessary garment for the motorist is the auto duster, which can now be obtained either single or double-breasted, roomy, yet with close-fitting neck and dust-proof sleeves. These auto dusters should be waterproofed to give protection from sudden showers.

## Madras Striped Collars

The Madras striped collar has had some difficulty in making its way towards popular favor, but indications now show that it will be prominent during the coming spring and summer. The horizontal stripe came first and did not make a very great hit. Now a change has been made to vertical stripes, and this seems to have struck the popular note. From now on we shall probably see the "striped Madras collar" grow in favor and finally become a dangerous rival to the more modest plain linen.

## The Silk Hat

There comes an occasion in every man's life when he is obliged to wear what our English friends call a "pot hat." Whether it is a funeral or a wedding it is well to be prepared with a silk hat. The majority of silk hats in this country are imported and the fact that the duty imposed is excessively high accounts for the price of this class of head-gear. Fortunately, it is not necessary to buy a silk hat often and therefore it is a wise man who, when he does, gives a fair price and gets a high grade article. By the way, for theatre wear it is announced that the opera-hat will soon come into its own again.

## Knitted "Four-in Hands"

It is a curious thing that the knitted four-in-hand should increase in popularity, seeing that a year ago it was prophesied that this class of neck-wear was doomed in favor of the woven silk tie. According to a friend in the trade "knits," as they are called, will be the best liked thing in neckwear for some considerable time to come. The knit tie

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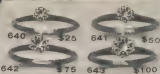
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is a little heavy, of course, and therefore more suited to fall and winter wear, one would suppose, but as a matter of fact the season seems to make no difference and "knits" promise to be as popular in the spring and summer as during any other period. The new patterns are in good taste and attractive.

### Employees

### and Insurance

Occasionally one hears of sound common-sense actions of good nature which prove that this old world of ours and the people in it are not so bad after all. We refer to the action of Mr. Joseph T. Carew, of Cincinnati, who recently presented to each of his employees an insurance policy equal to one year's salary. How many business men—employers of labor—will follow Mr. Carew's example we wonder. Possibly very few, and this brings us to the point which we wish to emphasize. Every man who is on a salary should take out an insurance policy, however small. It may mean a little sacrifice, but it is worth it, for in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the man who dies uninsured is leaving some one behind who will be a financial loser through his decease. Think it over and see if you do not realize the force of the argument.

### Your Personal Appearance

"Show me a man's boots," said a sage once, "and I will tell you what his character is." There is a good deal of truth in this statement, for the man who would not dream of being seen in a shabby coat will often turn out in "questionable" shoes. As a

matter of fact it is the wise man who takes care that every detail of his attire shows evidence of attention. Look over your linen and discard all frayed collars; don't wear ties that have got faded and dirty and, above all, be particular regarding your handkerchiefs. The latter are cheap enough to allow a man a clean one each day at least. Carelessness in one's attire stamps a man instantly and has more than a little to do with his success in life.

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Will the time come when every one will wear ready-made clothing? This question has been put to a great number of wholesale clothiers, and according to them the possibility is by no means remote. There is exaggeration, of course, in the suggestion, but the fact remains that the ready-to-wear suit is attracting a greater number of well-to-do men every year. Probably the Parcels Post will increase the popularity of the ready-made clothing, for it is now possible to "shop by mail" at little or no additional cost. In no country has ready-made clothing been brought to so high a state of perfection as in America, and it is due to this country more than any other that the ready-made clothier has become so important a factor in our daily life.

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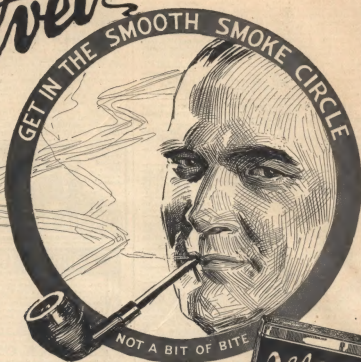
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